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THE LIBERATION OF FRANCE

IT needs no expert training to grasp the military meaning of the great Soviet drive at one end of the Continent and the capture of the great port of Cherbourg at the other. Every German, soldier and civilian, must be recalling Hitler's pledge that Germany should never again fight a two-front war. In occupied Europe everyone who has suffered under the Nazis lives for the day when the Gestapo will have gone and they can shape their own lives under governments of their own choosing.

In no country are the politics of liberation so difficult or so important as in France. At first glance their problem looks more simple than that of Yugoslavia, which is complicated by national as well as social divergences, or than that of Italy, where Mr. Churchill has been reluctant to admit that a country liberated from Fascism may want a government without the Duke of Addis Ababa. In the case of France the accepted leader of resistance commands a powerful army and stands at the head of a Provisional Government which represents all the vital elements of French resistance. On the face of it, our political task would seem no more than to recognise the National Committee as the Provisional Government of France and, as each area is liberated, to pass over the responsibility for its administration to men appointed by Algiers. But things are not so simple as that. In fact, while there is unity and success in the military command, about its civil administration and political future an obscure and painful struggle is taking place; Whitehall, Washington De Gaulle and Algiers are all pushing and pulling from one angle or another.

To every Frenchman it must have seemed a peculiarly bitter paradox that at the very moment of liberation General de Gaulle should have plainly to state that the recognition of the Provisional Government of France was still withheld by the Allies whose armies were entering France. In the last two weeks events have occurred that may in some degree reassure him. It is now announced that de Gaulle will definitely visit the United States in the near future. Again, the General has given as his reason for requesting the Assembly to defer a debate on the civil administration of France that conversations are proceeding hopefully in London. Obviously, the Assembly must fully debate this issue and be a party to decisions, but if the London discussions are proceeding satisfactorily, it may be prepared to wait. More clearly encouraging is the appointment of General Koenig to command, under General Eisenhower, the French forces of resistance in France. This soldier won by his unusual courage the respect and admiration of the British Army in Libya, and he has, too, gifts of humour and good sense that ease his dealings with his English-speaking colleagues. More important, he appears to be a most acceptable leader for the Maquis, whose part in aiding the invasion and crippling the Germans behind their lines has now been far more generously acknowledged by General Eisenhower. The terms of his appointment were significant; by ascribing his authority to the Committee of Liberation in Algiers, the communique from Allied Headquarters went a long way towards recognising it as the *de facto* Provisional Government of France. The same conclusion follows from the fact that M. Coulet, who acts as the regional commissioner for civil affairs in the liberated region, was brought to Bayeux by General de Gaulle, apparently with the concurrence of Algiers.

It is natural to ask what price, if any, the General has paid for these happier relations. Some suspect that he has improved his status with Washington and London by a promise of an anti-progressive policy in France. M. Coulet is said to be a moderate. If so, he will the sooner win the confidence of the Normans, who are in the mass conservatives. He has, however, been criticised sharply in Algiers for his failure to carry out a purge of those who obeyed Vichy and collaborated with the Germans. In particular it is complained that he has left the police exactly as they were, and treated the sub-prefect in a friendly way. We know too little of the local conditions to form an opinion. It is believed that some honourable men who were mayors or prefects stuck to their posts with the intention of protecting the population under their charge from German exactions. Burgomaster Max of Brussels, who did this in the last war, became a popular hero. Unfortunately for that parallel, the German leaders in the last war were relatively civilised, nor was there then a Vichy. The decision in such cases is best left to men in Algiers who have first-hand experience of the occupation. In any case there must be a drastic purge, in the sense that all who followed Vichy of their own free choice should lose their posts and their political influence.

That a class issue underlies this controversy is a fact that cannot be burked. It was the propertied class, the bankers and the big industrialists, who found it profitable during the Occupation to work for the German war-machine. Before the war the workers were divided; but during the Occupation their parties shed their appeasers and re-formed underground to carry on the perilous work of resistance. Inevitably there must be a shift of power from the compromised groups of the propertied Right, to the workers and the Left. The programme of Free France will be radical. This prospect may alarm conservatives in Washington and London, but they must face their choice; they cannot uphold the propertied elements in France, save by backing Fascists and pro-Nazis.

Sooner or later public opinion in France will win. To-day it is wholeheartedly behind the Algiers Government and sees in General de Gaulle the man who dared in 1940 to fight on when others capitulated. For that reason we for our part have steadily urged that he be recognised as the head of a fully accepted Provisional Government of France. The key to policy should be support for the Provisional Government. About de Gaulle himself, we have not hidden our doubts and reservations. His majestic view of himself as the personification of a revivified France, his dictatorial bent, and his choice of dubious colleagues for key positions are all disturbing factors. In particular we have called attention to the personality of Colonel de Wavrin, commonly known as Colonel Passy—a *nom de guerre* adopted from a station on the Paris Metro.

This young man, said to have once been secretary to the head of the Cagoulards, came to this country with the secrets of the Deuxième Bureau and seems to have organised the French secret service in this country on the most up-to-date lines. (We note that cases in which he was charged in the British courts with violent and brutal treatment of prisoners in this country have now been settled out of court.) De Wavrin now holds a key position on General Koenig's staff. Again, we notice that other lieutenants of the General have persistently advocated the formation of a single Gaulliste party on totalitarian lines, and that though this project seems for the time to have been frustrated, the French papers that most strongly support de Gaulle—*Combat*, *Liberation*, and *Franc Tireure* have not abandoned the idea, though it is strongly opposed to the policy of other underground papers.

As against these grounds for misgiving we have to place several uncontrovertible facts. The whole tendency of the resistance movement, since it was established in Algiers, has been without faltering or stumbling towards democracy. General de Gaulle is the acknowledged leader of French resistance and the head of this Provisional Government. Frenchmen must be left to work out their own future. Our part should be to give the fullest support and authority not to de Gaulle personally, but to his Government. The forthcoming visit of the General to Washington may mean that President Roosevelt has reached or is preparing also to reach, this conclusion. If Washington still stands in the way it would be wise for the British Government to follow a number of other Allied Governments (Moscow amongst them) and to recognise the Provisional Government without further delay. Between Vichy and Algiers there is no available alternative.

East, West and South

This has been Germany's Black Week: with the launching of an offensive by the Red Army on a 250-mile front in White Russia, the converging Allied attacks planned at Teheran have begun to take shape. At one blow the Russians have achieved a strategic break-through of major importance. Not merely has the entire German salient east of the Upper Dnieper collapsed, but the Red Army's advance in the sector south of Bobruisk has turned the whole line of the Beresina. The classic gateway westwards from Moscow between the Rivers Dvina and Dnieper is wide open, and the impetus of the Russian assault is such that Minsk should soon be liberated and an offensive developed in due course against the two railways leading north-west from Warsaw, supplying the German Baltic Armies.

In the West it would be unduly optimistic to look for a comparable break-through until General Montgomery has won more space in which to deploy and manoeuvre; but already his bridgehead is vastly improved by the reduction of the Cotentin Peninsula and the capture of Cherbourg—a fine piece of work by our Allies. In the Calvados bridgehead British troops have been attacking in a southerly direction a few miles west of Caen. In that sector the enemy appears to have concentrated the bulk of his available armour: the enemy's resistance is likely to be stubborn and progress may be slow. General Montgomery, however, evidently considers the knocking out of some at least of the enemy's Panzer divisions to be an essential preliminary to the enlargement of the bridgehead.

The third Allied offensive, in Italy, after a check due partly to bad weather and partly to increased resistance by the enemy in the difficult country round Lake Trasimene, has now got into its stride again. On the west coast General Alexander has secured the useful port of Piombino; and though it is to be expected that the enemy will continue to fight delaying actions up the whole length of Tuscany, he is bound to be driven back into the northern Apennines within a very short time.

Balkan Hopes

There is now a chance that a fully representative Yugoslav Government may be formed reflecting the social changes inside the country. Mr. Subasic has returned to London full of enthusiasm for the achievements of the National Army of Liberation, and has brought back an agreement which should provide the working basis for distribution of power between his Government in London and Tito's Liberation Council. If Mr. Subasic can sweep away much bureaucratic lumber and build a civil service which is not tied up with Mihailovitch or foreign vested interests, he can start a new era for Yugoslavia. He should have the fullest support of Britain, the U.S.S.R. and the United States; Mr. Hall has now affirmed Britain's attitude in the House of Commons when some of Mihailovitch's friends were trying to maintain his propaganda in this country. Mr. Subasic's neighbour, Mr. Papandreou, is finding the completion of his Government a more tricky affair. The leader of E.L.A.S., Col. Sarafis, returned to Greece after the Lebanon Conference to discuss a National Government of Unity in Cairo. But he has failed, and Mr. Porfyragenis, a delegate of the E.A.M., is now reported to have returned home with a representative of Mr. Papandreou to make a further effort to induce the organisations to join the Government without conditions. Agreement is more likely if the Government promptly commutes the death sentences passed on three leaders of the recent mutiny.

Employment and Monopoly

One special feature of the employment debate was the failure to draw any further information from the Government about their intentions in respect of restrictive monopolies. The White Paper was exceedingly vague upon this issue; and Sir John Anderson and Mr. Bevin between them carried matters no further. On the wider question of public *versus* private enterprise, Sir John Anderson did admit that there must be a recognition of the growing opinion against allowing certain activities vital to the life of the community being carried on for private gain; but he did not particularise, and claimed that the White Paper was neutral between the two forms of enterprise—a view which will hardly stand examination in the light of the text. There was on the Government side a tendency to treat business organisations not as subordinate to the State, but as independent forces with which the Government would deal on a footing of equality. There was even a disposition on the Tory side to regard any notion of the State controlling business as a form of totalitarianism—a view which, if acted upon, will leave the consumer completely at the mercy of the restrictive combines. We need, as part of any real employment policy, a full-dress public inquiry into the operations of the combines, leading up to legislation disallowing all restrictive agreements and imposing a firm control over price policy.

Bretton Woods

Mr. Roosevelt has announced the composition of the United States delegation to the World Monetary Conference which will open at Bretton Woods, New Hampshire, on July 1st. It is more influentially composed than the British delegation; for though Lord Keynes is an outstanding person, he can easily be repudiated if either the politicians or the City should dislike what he does. The Americans will evidently press for definite commitments to be entered into at the Conference, whereas presumably our delegates will be more inclined to stall unless ample room is left for trade arrangements which will fit in with the very difficult exchange prospects we shall have to face after the war. Little is yet known about the line which the other delegations will take. But the line taken by the French is bound to be important, because they stand out as the foremost representatives of the areas in Europe which have suffered from German financial protection and from enforced inflation due to war conditions. No monetary agreement will work unless it meets the needs of occupied Europe as well as those of Great Britain, the United States, and the Soviet Union. What line the Soviet representatives will take also remains obscure. Will they act mainly as representatives of a great gold-producing area, or as would-be participants in the rebuilding of the finest practicable system of international trade and exchange?

PARLIAMENT: Work for All?

THE sharp little set-to at the end of the three-day debate on Employment Policy was symptomatic of a Labour uneasiness which had underlain the whole debate; peeping through cracks in the surface only occasionally (as when Shinwell said, "Which Government are we talking about? . . . Do my hon. Friends opposite . . . intend another Coalition Government? Is this their election manifesto?"). All the afternoon of this third day (since it was a Friday) the Whips had been like cats on hot bricks, telephoning Ministers to come down to the House, begging Members to miss their trains; for Common Wealth had threatened to divide the House. True, it was a difficult motion to divide on. It merely said that the House "takes note of" the White Paper and "welcomes," not even the White Paper, but the Government's acceptance of responsibility for finding a good many people jobs after the war—a proposition from which, as worded, not even Common Wealth could dissent.

But when, at the end of his winding-up speech, Lyttelton said, "If the policy outlined commends itself to Parliament, we shall begin to take the measures necessary to carry out this policy . . . whether administrative or legislative," there were anxious rustlings and mutterings on the Labour benches, and Aneurin Bevan sprang up and asked what Lyttelton meant: "If he means that the motion commits us to support the White Paper, then I propose to vote against it." Sir Herbert Williams, of the extreme Right, said likewise. A more solid threat came from Jim Griffiths on the Labour Front Bench; Lyttelton, treading water, assured the House it wasn't committed to any detail; Acland sneered that the motion was "question-begging fraudulence," and abstained from dividing.

The past as well as the future haunted this debate. The White Paper, said several Members, was a rehash of Lloyd George's "Yellow Book"; others found in it the fulfilment of Keir Hardie's once wild talk about the right to work. Liberals and Young Tories were the most whole-heartedly pleased with it; all but five of the Labour speakers, two of the Tories (and three "other ranks") gave it substantial support, while entering caveats for public ownership or "free enterprise."

Bevin, opening the debate in massive but human style, claimed that the public *v.* private ownership issue didn't arise. This scheme should work, whatever the ownership of industry might be. He spoke of a "common objective nationally"—not only now, but in the transition period and afterwards; it was at this point that Socialists first began to show restlessness. His Second Front anecdote was bound to make the headlines—his visit (with the Prime Minister) to the troops, Normandy-bound, who cried "Ernie, when we have done this job for you, are we going back to the dole?" Hansard records neither Bevin's emotional comment that this query had "hurt and stung" him, nor Pickthorn's characteristically spiteful interjection, "They're not doing the job for *you*!" In the debate that followed, several Members adverted to the emphatic "No" which, said Bevin, he and Churchill had returned to this query: how could the negative be so positive, so to speak, when even the phrase "full employment" had been abandoned, and "a high and stable level of employment" substituted—this meaning, apparently, anything up to 2½ million men out of work?

Silkin made one of the best Labour speeches, acutely fastening on the difficulty of securing capital expenditure by private undertakings,

in accordance with the new policy, at the time when it would suit the nation rather than the shareholders: "if the railway companies were publicly owned, there would be an enormous opportunity for timing the capital expenditure correctly." He thought that some public works schemes had been exaggerated as work-providers; the Charing Cross Bridge, which was to cost £12,000,000, would have provided work directly for only 730 men. Moelwyn Hughes, saying that the White Paper was "explosive" (of Tariff Reform, Free Trade, Socialism, and the idea that the Labour Government had caused the 1929 slump), mixed a curious metaphor: "it is astounding . . . that this instrument [Tariff Reform], which has been blazoned for years as the cure for unemployment does not receive even a gentle pat on the back." The most significant, thoughtful and insidious Tory speech was that of Hely-Hutchinson: ". . . it is only an authoritarian government that can deal effectively with unemployment" (so the choice really was between "interference" and "freedom," and the British people would choose the latter). Even "dear old Arthur" Greenwood said that the motive of private gain after the war would be "the rock on which the White Paper will split."

Some of Anderson's speech was somewhat above the heads of most Members, being full of statutory sinking funds and deflationary overlaps. The liveliest day's debate was the third, when Sir Herbert Williams and Aneurin Bevan delivered frontal attacks on the White Paper, Williams calling it "cowardly and spineless," second-hand Social Credit, and fit only for transforming into "tissue-paper," Bevan asking why we should be "breathless with admiration" because the Government had admitted a responsibility which no Government would dare not to admit. He also interrupted each of the three Ministerial speakers in turn to ask what he asserted was a crucial question—how they proposed to give effect to their declared intention of keeping wages rising in accordance with the index of production. Here are their replies:—

Bevin: We have to discuss it with the parties and work out the methods.

Anderson: There are various ways.

Lyttelton: I cannot go into the measures proposed; I am merely stating a general proposition

Lyttelton's speech was fumbling and graceless, though he scored a neat debating-point against Shinwell, who had denigrated the export trade, by reminding the House of Shinwell's well-known concern for shipping.

On the whole, a phrase from Anderson's speech is the best epitaph on debate and document alike: ". . . it is inevitable that there should be a certain element of vagueness in . . . a preliminary study, covering a very wide area of . . . uncharted sea." On Tuesday King-Hall rubbed in the political implications, which had caused so much anxiety, in an Adjournment speech frankly urging a continuance after the war of Coalition Government: "a kite to catch a coupon," said a Labour Member.

PONTIFEX MINOR

THE TORY TECHNIQUE

"THE Government," we are told in the White Paper on the Control of Land, "have made a prolonged and detailed search for a solution which might prove broadly acceptable." Their search has certainly been prolonged, and no doubt detailed; but that their solution can be "broadly acceptable," save to property-owners, is inconceivable. The Uthwatt Report, to which the White Paper is a counterblast, was itself a compromise. It ruled out land nationalisation, the obvious method of securing effective control of land use, as politically impracticable, and set out to find an alternative foundation for the replanning and development which will be needed after the war. It found the answer, by no means wholly satisfactory but a tolerable compromise, in the public acquisition, not of the land itself, but of all "development rights" in areas at present undeveloped, with a provision that land actually required for development should be taken over into public ownership as occasion arose. It had other proposals for dealing with land already developed, wherever it was to be made subject to schemes of planning or replanning; and for land taken over for these purposes it proposed a "price ceiling," fixed at the value as it stood in March 1939. Under the Uthwatt plan the development rights in undeveloped land were to be acquired under a system of global valuation, similar to that used (by a Tory Government) in taking over the ownership of coal. The purpose of this was to avoid gross over-valuation, which would be unavoidable under the present system of valuing land for compulsory purchase, because of the element of "floating value" which attaches to far more land than can actually be developed.

How much of all this survives in the White Paper? The proposal that the State should acquire the "development rights" in undeveloped land has been dropped; and with it goes the system of global valuation, of which only a shadow survives in the proposed terms of compensation for undeveloped land taken over for actual development for public purposes. The proposal that the State should become the owner of land scheduled for development has also gone by the board. "It is not proposed," says the White Paper, "that a single master plan should be devised by the Government and imposed on the country, *nor that the existing pattern of land ownership or land use should be swept away.* Private ownership is sacred; and, though concessions have to be made where blitzed areas or slum areas plainly need comprehensive replanning, there are so many restrictions and safeguards that these concessions will evidently cover in total only a very small fraction even of the built-up land. There is, indeed, to be a general system of licensing land for development for new uses, and attached to the licensing system is what seems at first sight a substantial charge upon any "betterment" resulting from the grant of the licence. But most of this betterment charge of 80 per cent. melts away upon further examination; for the owner is to be entitled to compensation for any loss due to a refusal to allow him to develop his land as he pleases, and the compensation payable is to be set off against the betterment charge. There is, moreover, a general proposal that compensation and betterment ought on the whole about to balance; so that in effect the tax on rising values of land will be not 80 per cent., but nil.

As for the March 1939 ceiling, it has become, as Lord Latham has already remarked, much more like a floor; and there is in this a definite going back on the promise which the Government made when the Uthwatt Committee issued its first report. In effect, all that is left of the Uthwatt plan is the other proposal, which the Government accepted after the issue of the interim report, that local planning authorities should be empowered to acquire, by a simplified procedure, the land needed for the replanning of blitzed or slum areas.

This does remain; but the extent to which the local authorities will be able to make use of the power conferred on them obviously depends on the amount of assistance from the Treasury they will be entitled to receive. All they are promised in the Bill which accompanies the White Paper is a grant to cover the loan charges involved in the acquisition of land for the first two years, with a possibility of further grants for another eight, or in exceptional cases thirteen, years, to cover charges in respect of land which cannot be brought back into effective use. Thus the entire burden of finding the capital is placed on the local authorities, and the State merely helps with the interest—a notion which squares exactly with the Treasury section of the recent White Paper on Employment Policy, and is obviously inspired by a determination to keep State capital expenditure on reconstruction down to the minimum, in order to avoid the Treasury's bugbear of an unbalanced Budget.

The whole Bill, lengthy and obscurely phrased, reads as if it had been made up by ransacking the old pigeon-holes of the Ministry of Health for overdue revisions of the Act of 1932, rather than as if the Government were forcing any major problem of post-war reconstruction.

This is not a party issue. Conservative as well as Labour Councils are planning with enthusiasm the rebuilding of devastated cities and the more intelligent development of Britain's land. It is fantastic not to face the need and the opportunity. Yet we see in the Bill the names of Mr. Attlee and Sir William Jowitt; and presumably the entire Cabinet has approved the egregious White Paper which proclaims that the system of private ownership of land is to be retained, to all intents and purposes, intact. In the White Paper on Employment Policy the Government has committed itself to responsibility for the maintenance of employment at a high and steady level without assuming any effective control over private investment. It now commits itself to a policy of planned physical reconstruction without setting up any machinery capable of controlling effectively the use of land. Presently, no doubt, we shall have further promises to pursue other desirable ends without any assumption of powers which will provide means for their achievement. Apparently the Government are prepared to promise anything—and nothing. They have learnt all the phrases in which progressive aspirations are currently expressed; and they are as lavish with these phrases as they are parsimonious with concrete proposals of reform. It is the technique of the 1935 General Election over again—the technique of promising what the people is believed to want, and then under cover of the promise doing the opposite. The only difference is that now this method is being practised by Toryism not in its own name, but in that of a Coalition which includes the principal leaders of the pre-war Opposition.

As long as there seemed to be a reasonable chance of the Government giving effect to the Uthwatt compromise, we were prepared to accept that compromise, though it fell a long way short of what we believe to be right. But now it has been made plain that the Tories and the vested interests behind them will not compromise. They will do no more than they would have had to do if they had held power alone, and not as members of a coalition. In these circumstances the case for compromise disappears, and it becomes necessary to revert to principle. The Uthwatt Report, being concerned not with the land question as a whole but only with problems of compensation and betterment, could take into account only some of the arguments for public ownership of the land. Its problems were those of development, not those of land use as a whole. In truth, however, the case for public ownership is fully as strong in respect of agricultural land as of land already built up or needed for non-agricultural development. If, as seems probable, we are to maintain after the war an extended agriculture, it is of the first importance not to allow the State aid which such a policy will require to result in making large presents to private owners of agricultural land. This is just as important as the prevention of the pocketing of unearned increment by urban landlords, or of the payment of excessive compensation to the owners of land deemed to possess development value.

Public ownership of land, or at the very least public ownership of much of it and really complete control over the rest, is essential both to proper town and country planning and to the right and balanced development of agriculture and industry. The local authorities need it, in order to be able to replan our cities: the nation needs it, in order not to have them replanned in such a way as to restore the pre-war distribution of industries and population without regard to its merits; and it is needed for proper agricultural, as well as industrial, planning and development.

The Government's attempt to evade the major issues of planning will, we believe, bring them into conflict, not only with those who advocate, as a matter of general policy, an extension of the field of public economic control, but also with the local authorities, irrespective of party, and with all who really believe in town and country planning, whether on economic or on æsthetic and social grounds. The two White Papers—on Employment Policy and on Use of Land—go together, and reflect the same social and political philosophy: behind both lies the idea that private enterprise must first be allowed to do what it can and will and that the public authorities must come in only as scavengers to tidy up the more intolerable messes to which private action gives rise. This, of course, is the Tory philosophy; and it appears to be no less the guiding principle of the Coalition Government of which Mr. Attlee, Mr. Bevin, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Alexander, and Mr. Dalton are leading members. No doubt these Ministers have put up something of a fight behind the scenes: indeed, the immense lapse of time between the publication of the Uthwatt Report and the appearance of the White Paper goes to show that they have. The fact, however, remains that they have been utterly defeated, and that the proposals now issued bear no sign of any Socialist influence. It is not Britain the Government are getting ready to rebuild: it is the capitalist system. The hard-faced men who did well out of the last war are getting ready to do well out of the next peace.

DIVIDED TURKEY

[*This article, which gives the background of the present dispute with Turkey, is written by the former London correspondent of the Istanbul newspaper, "Cumhuriyet."*]

A SERIES of political trials now taking place in the Turkish courts show that an attempt is being made to clear up a serious political scandal. A well-organised Turkish Fifth Column, with Istanbul as its centre and with its branches throughout the whole country (including the most remote places of East Anatolia) had been working systematically for Hitler. Its slogans were Pan-Turanism and Pan-Islam; they were also chauvinistic, anti-foreign, and anti-Jewish. Its aim was a Fascist *coup d'état*. Right under the noses of the Turkish political police this Nazi organisation was able not only to form itself, but also to work and agitate undisturbed for almost four years, and keep closest contact with the Mohammedan S.S., whose leader is the notorious Mufti of Jerusalem.

The era of Mustafa Kemal Ataturk was revolutionary in the Oriental sense. Its inception was marked by spiritual and social changes. Ataturk's career perfectly illustrates the dangers of purely personal statesmanship. When its brilliant architect died, the revolutionary Kemalistic spirit died with him. The unfinished house was taken over by Ismet Inonu, who had 14 years' practical experience of government. Excellent administrator, good soldier, tried at the Conference table, rough, industrious, he is nevertheless lacking in political imagination. He has not that dynamic gift that makes history. He is a genuine supporter of Western democratic ideals and true lover of peace. The first Turkish President had created a Party as an instrument of power, but his stand was always above the Party, while his successor is a Party man.

In 1937 Ataturk had already offered to Great Britain an alliance against Germany and Italy. Ankara's subsequent policy was to balance the interests of the two great belligerent groups. The result has so far been to save Turkey from war and devastation, but also to jeopardise her chances of playing an important part in post-war decisions concerning the Balkans and the Middle East. One result of this swift change of policy with its damaging effect on Turkish prestige has been to intensify internal division and to give an opportunity to Fifth Column elements.

Three groups are to be observed in the foundation of this Fifth Column. First, there are Mohammedan Turks who emigrated from Russia. Under Ataturk and Dr. Rüstü Arras, his prudent Foreign Minister, their anti-Soviet wire-pulling was unsuccessful. The Moscow Pact of 1921 was repeatedly renewed and improved, and remained firm as the basis of Ankara's foreign policy. But in 1940 those who could never think of Russia except as the enemy, seemed to have strengthened their position. Until then von Papen, who had always worked the Red-Bogy theme, had not had much success. But certain papers—not the best but unfortunately not the smallest either—began then to be used for anti-Soviet propaganda. Soviet claims—"documentarily proved"—for Istanbul and the Straits were made the centre of this agitation. Some Turks even began to adopt a racial theory, and became obsessed by the great pan-Slav nightmare. Delusions of this kind seem to have penetrated even to the Government. While Ankara's policy in the Balkans and Central Europe was favourably disposed towards the two non-Slav States, Hungary and Rumania, her duties as an ally of Greece and her traditional friendship with Yugoslavia seemed to have fallen into oblivion. Instead of assisting the forces of these neighbouring countries fighting for national liberation, the Turkish Foreign Office assumed the post of Paladin to those Quisling governments whose hostile attitude towards Moscow was beyond question. This misconception of Ankara's mission in the Balkans has reduced the previously very high Turkish prestige among the nations concerned, and it seems doubtful whether Turkey will regain her leading rôle in South-Eastern Europe after the war.

The second group whose work has done harm with Turkey is largely composed of retired generals, High School teachers and, above all, university professors. The favourite plan of Ismet Inonu, when he was Premier, was a fundamental reform of the Istanbul University. He succeeded in appointing famous professors and lecturers at Istanbul, who on account of Nazi barbarism could not continue their previous teaching and research work. But part of the older generation of Turkish professors regarded these newcomers from Central Europe as a challenge. Those among them who had ever attended a Western university felt themselves their superiors in the field of science. Intrigues and agitations commenced. The largest daily paper in Istanbul—owned by a private industrialist with extensive business connections with Germany—embarked on a nationalist campaign to promote Turkish science and education and denounce foreign influence.

Inonu himself finally intervened on behalf of those who were thus denounced. To-day, however, we know that this was not the end of this unpleasant episode. It was amongst those aggrieved intellectuals that the Nazi propaganda found its most willing and dangerous tools.

Lastly, we come to the economic vested interests. The State-controlled economic system does not in principle exclude private initiative, which is, indeed, encouraged in certain spheres. But when Russian experience was utilised in this planned economic system, certain reactionaries attacked all such developments as "notoriously Bolshevist." Under Ataturk, an iron control prevented exorbitant profiteering. *Turkofis*, the foreign trade office, kept watch over the entire import and export system, and as far as possible prevented foreign political influence making use of the more dubious channels of private profit. Since the death of Ataturk, however, these economic principles were less strictly applied, and private capital, until then incorporated into the general plan, saw new possibilities of rising like a phœnix from the ashes of State planning.

Unhealthy, partly chaotic conditions during the war were the first consequence. Interested parties succeeded in frustrating all general rationing schemes.

Excuses for the absence of a general rationing system are not wanting. But the differences in the standard of living among the various social groups (Ataturk would certainly not have missed this opportunity of insisting on social justice) even difficulties occasioned by the large proportion of illiterates (in fact a decreasing factor) are not, however, really the serious obstacles. Inflation in prices—foodstuffs are 400-500 per cent. dearer than in 1939—cannot be met by an equal rise in salaries and wages, thus further widening the social gap. While the majority of people are heavily burdened—over 70 per cent. of the immense national expenditure is for military purposes—a number of profiteers contrive to draw large financial profit from the situation.

Germany and her satellites increased prices by paying State premiums to German importers. For chromium, for instance, they paid 400 per cent. above the world price. Commercial Attaché Jenke—Ribbentrop's brother-in-law—persuaded Turkish traders that Turkish participation in the war on the Allied side would necessarily rob them of their most important markets and newly acquired prosperity.

Honest Turkish business men remained unaffected by these threats. They were, however, taken seriously by that group which had always been against State enterprise and anti-Russian. They put themselves gladly at the disposal of the Pan-Turanian Movement. It is significant that the first, fortunately premature, demonstrations of this organisation, which had previously agitated underground, coincided with the Turkish ban on the export of chromium to Germany.

After this analysis of the three groups inside the Turkish Fascist Camp it is only fair to consider the extent to which the recent policy of the Turkish Government has countered the work of these unsuccessful *Putsch* makers.

Anglo-American overtures led the Turks to take an over-optimistic view of their own position. For a long time they believed that they would be able to maintain an important position in the post-war world, despite isolation from world events and without friendly contact with the U.S.S.R. Conferences at Adana and Cairo alternated with dinners at Herr von Papen's, which were attended by practically the entire Turkish Government (including Premier and Minister of War). This dual policy of Turkey cannot, however be maintained. Turkey occupies a key geographical position, in peace, as in war.

Almost for the first time in history the Turkish people are afraid. They are unprepared and afraid that their towns may be shattered. They think especially of Istanbul, which is in process of reconstruction so that it may rise in new glory in 1953 on the 500th anniversary of The Conquest.

The Pan-Turanian Movement, which is aimed against Jews, as well as against all Turkish Non-Mohammedans, has been too much countenanced by the present Government. A so-called tax on wealth, put into force to check the note inflation, which has been increased to £T806,000,000 from £T230,000,000 in 1939, was levied in practice only on Jews, Armenians and Greeks. Again it was, almost without exception, members of these three minorities who became victims of deportation and forced labour in Anatolia. It is no exaggeration to say that Armenians, Greeks and Jews, previously excluded from the civil service and officers' careers, were now ousted also from all economic positions.

Allied pressure, increased since Churchill's declaration in the House of Commons, was responsible for some remarkable Turkish gestures. They yielded, for instance, on the question of German warships, and the dismissal of Foreign Minister Bey Numen Menemencoglu, who for the last twenty years was an important pro-German element in the Foreign Ministry in Ankara. Only the future will show, however, whether Herr von Papen will at last cease to be a welcome visitor to the President's House on the Camkaya Hill. Similarly, Prime Minister Sarajoglu's affirmation of loyalty will be of value only if it is followed by action and by a corresponding ideological change without which Turkey can make no contribution to the Allied victory.

ALFRED JOACHIM FISCHER.

A LONDON DIARY

EXTRAORDINARY that the Germans should apparently still be under the delusion that they are more likely to persuade Britain to listen to peace-feelers (via Spain or other Catholic sources) if they plaster the South of England with robot planes and follow those up with more powerful rocket shells. Anybody could have told them what a well-known Swiss newspaper has just published from its British correspondent—that this was the worst blow the Nazis have ever dealt the German people, since the effect is to harden British opinion and make certain that the peace will be worse for Germany. Yet so besotted are the present rulers of Germany that this message in the *Neue Züricher Zeitung* apparently threw them into a panic. A special propaganda conference, Zurich reports, was called to find an answer to this statement of the obvious. Clearly, if you want soldiers to fight like tigers, destroy their homes, as we have the homes of German soldiers or as Goebbels pretends he has the homes of the British. If the Germans should ever really succeed, as their propaganda suggests, in setting England ablaze and reducing London to rubble, then the British could be relied upon to fight as the Russians did in Stalingrad. Shattered homes are natural fortresses.

* * *

The Germans have made things even worse for themselves by shooting fifty British prisoners of war. This was apparently a lapse on the part of the Gestapo, who forgot for the moment that British officers are not as a rule treated as Russians, Poles or Jews. Because these things have not usually been done to the British, we have remained psychologically much less "in the war" than the other peoples of Europe. For years those of us who said that Fascists in Italy and Spain and Germany really tortured and massacred people, and were preparing, when they had completed the process of conquering their own country, to do the same thing to foreigners, including ourselves, were bitterly attacked as warmongers or pro-Communists or what not. Now that a bit of frightfulness has come our way, the very people who kept repeating that there was "a great deal to be said for the Nazis" are the most thoughtlessly vindictive. The effect should be to toughen our resolve to end this kind of tyranny. The childish reaction is to demand "reprisals." Reprisals are always silly; they waste time and effort that should be concentrated on the job of defeating the enemy and their only other result is to hasten the collapse of civilised behaviour by progression from strategic to indiscriminate bombing, from the bombing of cities to robot or rocket shelling, and on to gas and, ultimately, no doubt, to bacteriological warfare.

* * *

A woman, who came from an area where P-planes were dropping about the place, complained that this was "not natural like the old Blitz!" For a pilot at 20,000 ft. to drop a ton-bomb in her back garden had become in retrospect part of the Divine order of things, a natural event, familiar and already romanticised in memory. The robot is still an uncanny novelty. People will go on discovering comic reasons for explaining their dislike of the new experience of being shelled until Authority discovers the proper psychological remedy. In 1940, London believed that it was in the front line; many of those with no special duties were evacuated and the rest of us stayed put, with a conscious appreciation of our own part in the defence of England against Nazi invasion. Some of Mr. Churchill's speeches, and later Priestley's broadcasts, gave the cue. Everywhere men and women were braced to endure, to organise and to carry on. In 1944, the psychology is quite needlessly different. We have been induced to believe that the war is over—bar the fighting, which is to be done by somebody else, not in England, but in France, Italy and Russia. People feel they "have had it," and have grown accustomed to talk about the blitz as past history. Those who can speak so that people listen should now get up as they did in 1940–1941, and point out that Southern England is part of the same battlefront as Normandy and that the toughest part of the war is still to come. If the German threat to send rocket shells does mature, something of the sort will have to be done. I believe the response would be much as it was in 1940. Production would increase and so would popular resolution. We should in our hearts all rejoice that in this war we are not "sending our sons" only, but sharing in some small way in their risks.

* * *

The long run significance of the robot plane is not missed by the more intelligent man or woman in the street. A small shopkeeper who deals in wireless and electrical equipment remarked to me the other day: "That's the sort of thing that may end man." I don't think he had been reading Wells on the end of *Homo sapiens*. He simply saw that the principle of pilotless aircraft involves the unlimited capacity of highly organised industrial States to destroy civilised life from one end of the world to the other. An R.A.F. man on the same day made a similar point to me, volunteering the conclusion that "after the war we shall have to prohibit the development of all this sort of thing." Samuel Butler suggested in *Erewhon* that men would end machinery altogether in order to stop the machine taking charge and ending them. But the odd thing about Western man is that it never enters his head when he makes a discovery that he may not desire to pursue it. Say to any child (adult or in short pants) that you have discovered a way of going a few hundred miles an hour faster, or of killing more men more quickly than anyone ever has done before, and he immediately assumes that it will be done. The notion of asking whether anyone would be happier by this development does not occur to him. The Chinese, on the other hand, did decide, when they discovered gunpowder some thousands of years ago, to restrict its use to the making of fire-crackers. This is a very hopeful precedent which prevents my falling back on the theory that this endless itch to inventive progress is an innate human characteristic, explicable by man's simian ancestry. As the Chinese must share this inheritance with us, I have a logical basis for hoping that some day we shall actually stop developing inventions which make us miserable.

* * *

Stuart Gelder, *News-Chronicle* correspondent in India, whetted my appetite the other day by referring to the correspondence between Wavell and Gandhi, recently published in a booklet by the Government of India. This contains correspondence between Gandhi, Wavell, Linlithgow, Samuel and Government officials. It should now be published as a White Paper in this country, too. The letter quoted by Gelder shows that Gandhi, who in an interview expressed his readiness to see the Viceroy, was in a co-operative state of mind even when in prison. This is important because many people have imagined that he would refuse to have any discussion with the British authorities until Nehru and other Congress leaders were also released from their detention. He wrote to the Viceroy:

> You are flying all over India. You have not hesitated to go among the skeletons of Bengal. May I suggest an interruption in your scheduled flight, and a descent upon Ahmednagar and the Aga Khan's palace in order to probe the hearts of your captives? We are all friends of the British, however much we criticise the British Government and system in India. If you can but trust, you will find us to be the greatest helpers in the fight against Nazism, Fascism, Japanism and the like.

I gather that these letters also include the Mahatma's reply to the official charges of Congress responsibility for acts of violence in 1942. These charges were given wide publicity in a White Paper published here last year. The British as well as the Indian public must hear the defence.

* * *

I am delighted to see that as a result of General Eisenhower's disapproval of the findings of the Court-martial, the American coloured soldier recently condemned to death for rape has returned to duty. This means that in this country, at any rate, a Negro charged with a sexual offence can be fairly treated. The danger was not that the death sentence would be carried out, but that a long term of imprisonment would be substituted. Actually, the sane view has been taken that if the evidence was insufficient there were no grounds for any punishment. This is an occasion on which those few papers which have spoken out honestly may feel that they have done a good job of work. I should particularly mention the full report in *Tribune*.

* * *

It now seems highly probable that Mr. Roosevelt will be elected for a fourth term. This does not mean that his enemies are any less savage, or that his followers are not critical. They say, I think truly, that twelve years is long enough for any man in the White House; they can show that the President has become dictatorial, and that in some cases his judgment has been warped by too much power. But they will support him for the Presidency, and so I think will many who are classified as enemies. Why? Mainly because Dewey as President of the United States in 1944 strikes anybody but Republican party hacks or business men who hope to cash in on a Dewey victory, as really—what is the phrase?—conspicuously inadequate. A friend who returned recently from the States says that when he heard people attacking Roosevelt he would say: "Oh, then you want Dewey to represent America at the Peace Conference along with Churchill and Stalin?" Almost invariably, he says, this produced a twittering collapse. The picture is too preposterous.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Guy Innes.

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> The great practical question now to be debated is therefore this: is it necessary or reasonable to accept the instability of the unstable elements as a more or less unalterable fact and to base the hope of stable employment on the possibility of inducing a "compensatory" instability into the other factors?
> —Leader in *Times*.

> Lord Rosebery's patriotism has been quickly rewarded by the victory of Ocean Swell in the Derby.—*Sunday Express*.

> As a mother of two children I agree that the nation must have clean milk, but not at the hands of a Tory Minister.
> Nothing clean ever came out of the Tory wash.—Letter in *Daily Herald*.

ROBOT

Useless to argue, for you have no notion
How other views are held;
Dogma is gyroscopic, and its motion
Is jet-propelled.

Nothing could make you alter your direction
("I think" presumes "I am"),
You are so Calvinistic in selection
Of those you damn.

Irrelevantly in annihilation
You miss the point, my friend;
You over-dramatise simplification,
Explode, and end.

The Universe that crushes is not greater
Than Man, aware of doom;
A fortiori, should I meet you later,
Last word—to whom?

REGINALD REYNOLDS

SPIRITUALISTS AND WITCHCRAFT

LAST July a deputation from the Spiritualists' National Union asked the Home Secretary to set up a committee, composed of Home Office nominees and representatives of spiritualist and psychical research organisations, to enquire into the working of the Vagrancy Act, 1824, as it affected spiritualist mediums. The deputation included Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding; it was introduced by Dr. S. J. Peters, M.P., and received by Mr. Osbert Peake. It wanted either (1) an amendment of the Vagrancy Act which would exclude genuine mediums from the famous provision about "pretending or professing to tell fortunes, or using any subtle craft, means, or device, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive and impose on any of His Majesty's subjects"; or (2) a Home Office instruction to police and magistrates that fraudulent spiritualists should always be prosecuted under the "Common Law" and not under the Vagrancy Act.

It is doubtful if the former suggestion should ever have been necessary. Sincere spiritualists as distinct from quacks (a distinction to which most thinking people would give their cautious assent, without overrating sincerity as evidence), do not go in for fortune-telling, so the quacks usually avoid it, too; and as long ago as 1869 it was held (in *Johnson v. Fenner*) that the only other "subtle crafts or devices" contemplated by the Vagrancy Act were palmistry ("the telling of a person's fortune with the lines of the hand") and practices essentially similar to palmistry. But the main reason for the deputation's alternative proposal that the Vagrancy Act should not be used at all was no doubt that, since the maximum penalty under the Act is three months' imprisonment, a defendant cannot claim to be tried by jury. The request that the police and the justices should be told to proceed under the Common Law in spiritualist cases was, of course, based on the mistaken belief that the Home Secretary can "direct" what the police and the courts are to do. The Home Office lose no opportunity of pointing out they have no power to do this. "But," said Mr. Morrison, after his department had considered the deputation's plea for five months, "I understand that it is the practice in some police forces in cases of this kind to institute proceedings only against persons whose activities have been the subject of complaint by members of the public, and where there is evidence that the person is an impostor and taking money or other valuable consideration. I have asked chief constables to consider the adoption of this practice in their forces. Further than this I cannot go, but if the practice I have described is generally adopted, persons *bona fide* engaged in the ministrations of the spiritualist churches and in psychical research should not find themselves hampered by the provisions of the law."

The recent Old Bailey "witchcraft" trial which has just had its sequel in the Court of Criminal Appeal may represent a decision on the part of the law officers of the Crown that prosecutions of this sort should take place before a judge and jury. To get the case there, the Witchcraft Act of 1735 (an Act "for punishing such Persons as pretend to exercise or use any Kind of Witchcraft, Sorcery, Inchantment, or Conjuration") need not have been used, though it has certainly invested the case with a flavour of demonology, and it provides a penalty of imprisonment "for the space of one whole Year" (plus, in earlier times, an hour in the pillory once a quarter). A number of fairly recent cases support the proposition that anyone who falsely claims that he has power to "communicate with the spirits of deceased and other persons not present" makes a "false pretence" for the purposes of Section 32 of the Larceny Act, 1916; so that if he does it "with intent to defraud" and causes someone to part with money or goods he can be indicted for obtaining money or goods by false pretences. No magistrate may deal with this charge if the prisoner demands to go before a jury. The prosecution in the so-called "witchcraft" trial used this provision as a second string. But they had a third. They used the ancient Common Law indictment for "effecting a public mischief," an offence which has never yet been embodied in any Statute and therefore lacks the specific approval of Parliament. Yet this is one of the charges which, by their appeal to Common Law, the Spiritualists' National Union have asked shall be used.

The authorities have lately found the "public mischief" charge very useful. It fell into disuse for a very long time, and as its vagueness was particularly unacceptable to the careful legislators of the nineteenth century who carried so much of the Common Law into the Statutes, it fell also into disrepute. It comprises "all offences of a public nature, that is, such acts or attempts as tend to the prejudice of the community," and since its recent revival it has been mainly used against people who make false statements to the police concerning imaginary crimes, and thus expose innocent persons to suspicion and possibly arrest—and incidentally waste the time of the police. But as the question whether the alleged acts of the prisoner do or do not constitute this offence is a question of law for the Judge (and jury being concerned only to say whether he did them or not), the Judge's power is enormous.

The jury in the "witchcraft" case returned a verdict of guilty on one count alone—that of "conspiring to contravene the Witchcraft Act, 1735"; the Recorder discharged them from giving verdicts on the counts alleging the obtaining of money by false pretences and effecting a public mischief. If you "conspire" with someone else to contravene a statute both you and he commit an offence, not only against that statute, but also against the Common Law—the traditionally vague offence of "conspiracy." So here is a Common Law offence which relies for its description upon a statute—"pretending to exercise or use any kind of witchcraft, sorcery, inchantment or conjuration, or undertaking to tell fortunes, or pretending from his or her skill or knowledge in any occult or crafty science to discover where or in what manner any goods or chattels, supposed to have been stolen or lost, may be found." The fact that the charges alleging fraud and public mischief were not the subject of a verdict may well disquiet anyone genuinely engaged in psychical research. In the Court of Criminal Appeal the judges firmly rejected the appellants' submission that the Act deals only with a pretence to hold conversation with "wicked" and "evil" spirits. The words "any kind of conjuration," they said, were wide enough to cover the conspiracy alleged in this case. Are they not wide enough, though, to cover a spiritualist meeting of any kind, including any genuine mediumistic "materialisations" (if such there are)? All these might be said to involve a "pretence to exercise conjuration," and all may therefore be "unlawful conspiracies." The spiritualists' hope must lie in the proposition that a pretence is something less than a belief—that a pretence, in fact, is the act of one who does not believe.

C. H. ROLPH

STRAWS IN THE WIND

A FEW days ago it was announced that, for the first time, an African would be appointed to represent the interests of his fellow-Africans on the Kenya Legislative Council. Nothing very startling about that, the unsophisticated may say. But to those who have fought the battle of the underdog in the colour-bar countries of East and Southern Africa, it has signal significance. Until last week the capacity of Africans to represent themselves had not been admitted in a single East or South African colony. In West Africa Africans elected by their own people have long had a fixed number of seats on the Legislative Councils; in the West Indies black and white are entitled to be elected regardless of colour; in Ceylon almost the whole State Council is manned by Cingalese. But in East Africa the Councils have been the preserve of the white man. At best, one or two Europeans would be nominated to represent the Africans—though how they were expected to express the views of their enormous constituencies (running into millions of souls) with no real machinery for contact and consultation, has always been a mystery.

The step forward is a small step. There are still to be only two members of the Council (one European and one African) to represent 3,000,000 Africans, as against eleven representing 20,000 Europeans. The African member will be nominated after consultation with the Native Councils, not by any direct election. But it is the principle that counts. Once the principle has been conceded in Kenya, it cannot long be withheld in all the neighbouring Colonies—even the Union of South Africa cannot be permanently padded against the repercussions. The Union Parliament, so zealous in debarring all black men from its membership, cannot shut its eyes for ever to the painful vision of an African sitting with Europeans in the Parliament of Kenya!

Almost simultaneously with this announcement the Colonial Office issued a White Paper telling the story of another novel experiment—the holding of the first session of the West Indian Conference called under joint British and American auspices. More than two years ago the two Governments decided to collaborate in the improvement of conditions in the Caribbean, and they established the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission. The Commission has done excellent work, but there was no machinery for consultation with local representatives—its benevolent action was imposed from above without evoking much interest or response from the populations. This year it was decided to broaden the base of approach—and each colonial territory, British and American, was asked to send two representatives (one official, the other unofficial but nominated by the Governor) to the first session of a Conference which would be held frequently in different parts of the West Indies. The method of appointing the representatives was arbitrary; the Conference has no more than advisory powers; nothing spectacular was decided upon. But reports from the West Indies describe the stimulating effects of this meeting of people from ten different territories, normally enjoying few contacts because of bad ocean transport; and the far-reaching significance of the joint British and American participation, even down to the presence of the two chairmen (one British, one American) of the Commission. That there may be dangers in a British-American alliance operating in backward areas is, of course, obvious. But the value of drawing together the people of a vast area, turning them aside for a moment from their isolated parish pumps, to the broader policies on which their future depends, is enormous and cannot be gainsaid. By the time the next session of the Conference meets within twelve months—as it resolved to do—perhaps a method of electing representatives, rather than leaving this to Government nomination, will have been discovered, and a democratic basis to the Conference may be in sight.

These progressive moves—and there are others—are straws in the wind of colonial advance. It is all exasperatingly slow—but the tortoise undoubtedly moves. The results of many years of patient work and agitation, at home and in the Colonies, at last begin to show. Year in, year out, a few Labour M.P.s, perhaps without the encouragement, or even the notice, of their indifferent constituencies, in an apathetic House, and against constant attack by opposing interests on the spot or from the Tory benches, have put their questions about the injustices of Kenya representation to a succession of evasive Colonial Secretaries, who have muttered: "It is extremely difficult at the present stage. . . ." ". . . The admixture of races. . . ." "Until we are certain Africans can participate with effect. . . ." At last, miraculously, the difficulties melt away. The excuses wear too thin and the impossible

becomes possible. In the same way the deplorable conditions in the West Indies have been under constant fire; every reason is found to do nothing; there is a local outburst or riot; more agitation at home; suddenly action becomes possible. The war has hastened things, too. There is the stiffening political consciousness of colonial peoples drawn into the war; there have been the American criticisms; and there is a certain idealism which war breeds.

Are colonial conditions ever to be made tolerable in this way? Must we forever depend on these prods to a reluctant Colonial office? I do not believe that happy prosperity can come to any people except through its own efforts. The struggle in Britain is to make these efforts possible by securing, for the colonial peoples, free political association, democratic representation, trade union and co-operative organisation, every form of self-help and combination. Trained in the use of these weapons of democracy, Africans and West Indians will understand how to control their own destinies in the interests of the broad masses of their own people. It is with this purpose that the champions in Britain must continue and intensify their struggle; and from this angle that every advance should be appraised. One welcomes the first African representative to the Kenya Council because he is assuredly the first of a procession, to be speeded up and swollen according as we and the Africans themselves demand it. And one sees in the West Indian Conference the first step in a West Indian unity leading to the free West Indian Dominion of the future.

RITA HINDEN

SIX AND EIGHTPENCE

(FROM A LEGAL CORRESPONDENT)

WHEN salaries and expenses have increased all round, it is not surprising that the Law Society should have recently obtained an increase in solicitors' fees. It may not be generally known that these fees are laid down by a Committee appointed by Act of Parliament; they were fixed long before the last war, and one increase had already been permitted—which accounts for that puzzling item at the end of a solicitor's bill "Add 33⅓%." From now on the 33⅓% will become 50%.

No doubt solicitors have suffered considerably during the war, both through increased expense and added difficulties in their work. But there is another point of view which must be considered just as in the case of the sale of commodities—"Can the public afford to pay?" The cost of legal business is already so high that people frequently prefer, or are forced, to relinquish their legal rights rather than get into the hands of lawyers.

In commenting on a recent article in a legal journal which proposed the complete national control of the legal profession, the *Law Journal* stated that the author "calls attention to what must be admitted to be the undeniable fact that *it is not pecuniarily worth while to fight a disputed action in the High Court for £250 or one in the County Court for £40*; even if the plaintiff wins and recovers the amount claimed, and costs, he is likely, on balance, to be out of pocket. A further determent to litigation, even where much larger sums are involved, is also, of course, the risk of being taken to the Court of Appeal and, perhaps, to the House of Lords."

Reduction of the cost of litigation, however, is not the subject of this article. Hardship is one thing and the absolute impossibility of obtaining justice in the Courts is another. When people talk of "the prohibitive cost of litigation," they usually mean that they have the money but they are not willing to spend it on legal proceedings. How many of them have ever thought what happens when a solicitor is needed by a client who not merely grudges, but simply cannot find, the money necessary to employ one?

Perhaps they assume that as poor people have little, or no, property, they do not need a solicitor. This is far from being the case. The middle-class tenancy is usually regulated by a tenancy agreement, the poor person's tenancy by the complicated provisions of the Rent Restrictions and other Acts. More of the poor have employment difficulties; more are knocked down in the street or meet with accidents at work; unhappy marriages and miscellaneous problems are not infrequent. Apart from the further cost, consider what it means even to consult a solicitor on an income of £2, or even £4, a week. Six-and-eightpence may be the week's food allowance.

Of course, it can't be done and it isn't done. The poor "never have any dealings with those sort of people." What they have done, if they lived in certain of the big towns, is to go to the "Poor Man's Lawyer." Sometimes this name covered a speculative solicitor who hoped to make money by getting his costs out of the other party to the dispute, but more properly it referred to individual solicitors and barristers who, for charitable motives, would come down to a Church Hall or Settlement to advise any poor person who came to sit in their waiting room. Naturally the help given varied with each individual lawyer.

Even this amount of help would have been reduced during the war, but for the setting up of Citizens' Advice Bureaux which, in addition to giving advice themselves in simple cases, have sometimes succeeded in getting the help of local solicitors. There are also in London two voluntary daytime Legal Advice Centres co-operating with the Citizens' Advice Bureaux, and recently the Army, R.A.F. and now the Navy have set up limited schemes of their own for serving men—a proof, if one was needed, of the effect on morale of unsolved legal problems.

Consequently at the present time the problem of getting advice pure and simple is not acute, but in many cases a good deal more than advice is necessary; medical reports, police reports, coroner's depositions, may have to be obtained, witnesses interviewed.

Then there are the cases which have to be taken to Court before any satisfaction can be obtained. Many of these cannot be conducted at all except by lawyers, quite apart from the lack of education of the claimant and the loss of time and wages involved. Insurance companies, employers, and hire purchase firms, are well aware of these difficulties and are accordingly less ready to settle the claim of a man who probably cannot take his case to Court, or who can do so only at the serious disadvantage of being his own adviser and advocate. Cases could be quoted where an insurance company has offered a man £25 in settlement of a claim which solicitors have eventually succeeded in settling at a fair figure of £300.

Without legal representation a man may be just as badly off as if he were without the legal rights themselves, yet, apart from charitable efforts, the only provision which is made for the representation of poor people in civil proceedings is the Poor Persons' Committee.

The Poor Persons' Committee can provide a solicitor and barrister free (apart from expenses) to a person whose normal income does not exceed £2, or in special circumstances £4, a week, and who has not more than £50, or in special circumstances £100, of capital assets of all kinds, including his furniture and house, as well as cash and savings. Even the maximum limits of £4 a week and £100 capital are absurdly low, when it is considered that quite a simple action may cost £50 or £100. No allowance is made above the maximum limits for children or other dependants. In the County Court, where small actions are most frequently brought, there is no provision for free legal aid. A poor litigant in this Court, or one whose application to the Poor Persons' Committee is rejected, is entirely dependent on charity for getting his case properly prepared and presented in Court.

It must be said in fairness that many solicitors have been most generous in giving their services for little or nothing where they have recognised the need. In addition to the small number who sit as Poor Man's Lawyers, most, if not all, solicitors at some time do work for nothing for people who cannot afford to pay. The whole work of conducting cases under the Poor Persons' Committee is done free of charge by solicitors and barristers who have volunteered to take these cases.

A scheme could easily be devised whereby every person in this country would be able to find out what his legal rights were and to have legal representation in any court proceedings which required it. Such a scheme would certainly require more than the negligible financial assistance which the Government has given up to the present. This consisted before the war solely of a small grant for the administrative expenses of the Poor Persons' Department; during the war it has been indirectly extended by the cost of running a few offices under the Legal Advice schemes for the Services and by a small contribution to cases dealt with by the Services Divorce Department of the Law Society. The Government also makes a considerable grant towards the running of Citizens' Advice Bureaux, in recognition of their services to the public, but no help is given to Legal Advice Centres as such, although the more specialised problems with which they deal are at least equally important and can only be dealt with by a lawyer. This lack of official recognition and financial support means that legal advice is unobtainable in many parts of the country and provided by charity, with varying degrees of efficiency, in other parts.

It is clear that more needs doing than it is reasonable to ask a profession to do for nothing. Moreover, the provision of legal advice and representation is a matter that affects the whole public, for even those who do not need to take advantage of the scheme will benefit from the removal of the sense of injustice which results from giving a man legal rights but making the power of enforcing those rights dependent upon whether he has sufficient money. To quote from the Screwtape Letters: "Men are not angered by misfortune but by misfortune conceived as injury. And the sense of injury depends on the feeling that a legitimate claim has been denied."

ART AND THE PEOPLE

I HAVE been giving a course of lectures on "How to Appreciate Painting" to the local branch of the Workers Education Association. Among the audience were several factory workers, artisans, tradespeople, a refugee, a schoolmistress, a doctor and some youths from school.

I had little idea how such a subject would appeal, but was determined to reveal as much as possible of the world of painting and painters which so few of them had ever explored. The talks took place in the evening and even on the coldest they turned up regularly after their day's work was done. After each lecture questions were asked or their own work shown.

Three main problems emerged from these talks. The first was the inherent belief that "the greatest paintings are the most realistic." I had tried to smash this illusion at the very beginning by discussing the old and modern primitives, the essential difference between painting and photography, and the natural beauty of children's drawings. Many in the audience responded, but still felt that these were pictures of promise or limitation rather than things complete in themselves.

Towards the end of the course, I asked them to bring examples of what they felt were good and bad paintings. They came laden with examples. One old lady carried a large framed reproduction which she had taken from her wall. Mr. A., an architect's assistant, had slipped in earlier and placed ten coloured reproductions on my table. Five he thought good and five bad. On each he had pinned the reasons for his choice. The reproductions were mostly of pictures by the lesser known followers of Alma-Tadema, Sargent and the pre-Raphaelites. Four of the good ones were dramas at sea. Mr. A. wrote: "These pic-

tures are true to nature. The sea is the sea I know." There was no mention of good design or colour. About a Constable, however, he wrote: "This is bad because the tree looks unfinished. The whole picture seems strange and dark."

Mr. B., a factory hand, brought as a bad example Valasquez's full-length portrait of Philip II. When asked his reasons he replied, "I think I've seen so many like it in stuffy halls and offices. It doesn't seem original to me." He thought the painting stiff and elaborate. A mother who came with her children disliked Van Gogh's sunflowers. "The pot's all crooked," she said, "I can't see why it's supposed to be a great painting when it's so badly drawn." But another woman thought the sunflowers good because "they seemed so real you could almost touch the petals."

After a talk on surrealism one of them said, "You've certainly thrown a new light on this modern painting. I always thought it was a lot of rubbish." But others openly laughed. "It can't be serious," they said, "I could do better myself." Again this conflict between the thing seen and the thing experienced.

Most of them, however, were genuinely moved by Goya's "Disasters of War." Here was an artist whose work could be closely related to their own lives. Some of them felt that war must have been even more terrible then with so much hand-to-hand fighting and so little protection. "Can't his pictures be used for propaganda?" "How would he have seen war to-day?" were typical questions.

They were generally less critical of the old masters than of the modern ones. They might accept El Greco's elongated figures, Rembrandt's dark rooms, Turner's blood-red skies, even the exaggerated light of Impressionism, but when it came to modern painting, they felt more confident to compare and criticise: to compare, when they felt they had shared the experience the artist was trying to express; to criticise, when they saw outward and familiar forms used for the more complex experiences which lie in their own beings, deep-rooted but suppressed.

The second problem was how to encourage those who wanted to paint themselves. The examples shown were generally poor, with just a glimmer of talent or merely an aptness for imitation. Mr. A., however, showed promise, but when I pointed out certain strangely beautiful shapes in a portrait-drawing he only said: "I couldn't get the eyes right."

My belief in the inherent talent in people fired many of them and they started to paint. But in spite of tact and encouragement, many of them lost faith. The prevailing mood seemed to be: "We have no talent." "Could a person start painting later in life?" was a most significant question. They felt instinctively that artists were born different and were nurtured in a special atmosphere. Although nearly every child paints or draws as a natural part of his own development, when education starts, this vital activity tends to become thwarted; until, mature, he stands marooned.

The third problem was how to include in their daily life contact with art in its widest forms. Mr. B. said: "When I come home I'm usually too tired even to read. And how can I go to exhibitions in shabby clothes and shoes that let in?"

One of my lectures was a practical demonstration, describing my methods as I painted. (That night there was a raid, but no one left. The sense of danger combined with the drama of watching an artist paint heightened their sensibilities and made a deep impression.) Afterwards their questions became more personal.

They knew very little about an artist's life to-day. They said vaguely that they thought artists were nearly always poor. "Oughtn't artists to have trade unions like other workers to protect their rights?" "How much do artists earn a year?" "Are they Communists?" were some of the questions asked. They were extraordinarily sympathetic about the financial side of painting. Some even felt that artists ought to be protected from the rigours of earning a living, or that they should not be called up.

The pictures on their own walls are nearly always Victorian prints. They might never have met a "real" artist or seen an original painting, or they might think that the Constable country was where there were a lot of policemen about (as one woman did) and still the need remains for some kind of spiritual expression in material form.

These W.E.A. classes have brought this problem forward, and one hopes that it will take its place, soon, by the side of the more obvious ones which face us after the war.

B. ROTHENSTEIN

THE MOVIES

"For Those in Peril," General Release

The slump of the last fortnight has made me scratch round for a film. The rumour ("earthquaking," "riotous") of a new comedian sent me off to the Empire, where for half an hour I was pommelled by one Danny Kaye. A turnip, an epileptic; a quick-change imitator, good (I should say) for twenty minutes in a night club. But two hours of him in musi-technicolor!

I began combing the advertisements, West End and suburban. They yielded two revivals, *Angels over Broadway* (Cameo, Victoria) and *Amphitrym* 39 (Carlton, Tottenham Court Road). The first, despite a title that might cover anything, even Danny Kaye, is a Hecht and Macarthur thriller, which I remember having enjoyed some years ago. It wears well, partly owing to the brilliant photography of Lee Gormes which imparts a style to night clubs, shady hotels, and rainy midnight streets. His touch has been seen recently in *Phantom Lady*. The French film I was seeing for the first time; and though it disappoints—little enough style here, except a vulgar exuberance—the wit and fantasy of Girandoux show through. Perfect material for a director with a light hand. As usual at this cinema, *Crime et Châtiment* is billed for the next change of programme.

Then, of course, I took in the newsreels. The invasion is being very well and thoroughly covered. More scenes of the beach-head, including distinguished visitors, more views of flooded fields and bombed sidings, and as the cameras push inland we see something of the devastation that has come to Isigny, Carentan, Caen. Gun batteries as thick as thistles; fantastic machines, including a bull-dozer brushing a tank off the road, a little runabout on tractors called a baby elephant and the original doodle-bug or miniature wireless-controlled tank. Also the doodle-bug we know rather better—encouraging shot of one blown to pieces in mid-air.

And there my film-going would have ended, but for a last-minute surprise from Ealing. No West End showing is being given to *For Those in Peril*, but the film will be generally released next week. It belongs to the class which this studios has made its own, with *Nine Men* and *San Demetrio, London*, and I am not sure that it isn't a better film than either. Character and action, just enough story, give warmth to a documentation of the Air Sea Rescue service—the crashboats, flying walruses, and small naval craft that unite to pick up airmen who have baled out over the Channel. Once more the imagination that never strays beyond the facts triumphs; but it *is* imagination, from the humdrum start to the superb ending when the men in the bar are talking about that day's casualty—"By the way, you knew him, didn't you?" "Yes, I knew him." The speaker drinks up and flips at a row of ninepins. We have witnessed the action in which the dead man led the attack on an armed German trawler and received a splinter in the head; no understatement could be in the circumstances more moving. Good direction, good acting and good photography—none of them obtrusively brilliant—have combined to make a film that perfectly achieves its purpose. I should have to list a dozen names to do justice to those contributing to this success. The late Richard Hillary is the author and Charles Crichton the director, and the performances of David Farrar and Ralph Michael in the two chief parts could not be bettered. In the last month we have had two English films to crow about. Here is a third.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

NO DOLE

As Mr. Bevin was watching British troops embark for Normandy, one of the men shouted to him, "Are we coming back to the dole after this, Ernie?"—*News Item.*

Loud cried the Englishmen, marching off to victory,
"When this job is over and we come back safe and whole,
When the last tough fight is done
And the Brave New World is won,
We would like to ask the question, do we come back to the dole?"

Then spake the voice of the Coalition Government;
"Loudly we answer with all our heart and soul,
We can give assurance hearty
We can swear for every Party,
We can give our undertaking that you won't be on the dole."

Down go the bastions that were builded up by Kesselring,
Back to the last stand his broken forces roll,
And when the boys come home
Who stormed the roads to Rome,
There may not be full employment but they won't be on the dole.

Forward through France roll the forces of Montgomery,
Onward they sweep to their not-so-distant goal,
And the men are in good heart,
For they know right from the start
That there's not the slightest danger they will come back to the dole.

Loud twang the harps of the Coalition Government
"We're grappling with the problem of avoiding State control,
When you sound the final trump,
We will save you from the slump,
You need have no expectation you will come back to the dole."

"England expects an expansionist economy,
Jobs for those with names inscribed on honour's deathless scroll,
This aim we will pursue it
Though we don't know how to do it—
If you keep the Coalition in, you won't be on the dole."

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

ITALIAN MORALE

SIR,—These observations on the present position in Italy may be of some interest to you.

The widespread corruption and large-scale theft and the Black Market, which operates in all districts and deals in all commodities, are most distressing features to those who hope to see a free and progressive Italy. The Allied authorities are now taking very energetic measures against these abuses, but the food position remains desperate, and is most unfavourable propaganda for the Allied cause, particularly since there is now no rationing except for bread, whereas there was such a system before the Allied landings. The following figures, in lire, are a comparison of prices: (i) in 1939, before rationing; (ii) in August, 1943, under a rationing system; (iii) present Black Market prices (it is practically impossible to obtain these commodities outside the Black Market):

	(i)	(ii)	(iii)
Olive oil, per litre	5	15	180–240
Beans, per kilo	2	30	200
Potatoes, per kilo	3	5	40
Macaroni, per kilo	3	3	240
Meat, per kilo	14	70	300

There is a certain measure of demoralisation and a loss of faith in all forms of government but, more frequently, Italian institutions are condemned while those of the Allies receive a somewhat unwarranted respect. An instance of this is to be seen in cases where burglaries are reported to the Corps of Military Police rather than to the Carabinieri. The chief reason for

this attitude is the retention of so many ex-Fascist officials in office. The Italian feels that the mantle of Mussolini has been divided among his petty followers. An entirely clean sweep of all Fascist organisations and officialdom would probably have meant greater immediate disorganisation, but would have inspired the democratic forces on whose side we are supposed to be fighting and would by now show results in greater Italian support for the Allied war effort.

The 1923 class is shortly to be called up. Such is the identification of the Army with the Fascist regime in the minds of most Italians that anti-Fascist young men speak of trying to evade conscription. They would, they say, be willing to fight as guerrillas, but not in the Italian Army. Some have endeavoured to volunteer for the British or American Forces, and cannot understand why they are not accepted. This attitude will undoubtedly have a bad effect on public opinion outside Italy, which will mistake this reluctance to join the forces as an expression of pro-Fascist sympathies rather than the reverse.

That Fascist sympathies are still widespread no one would deny. But there is also a vast apathy and bewilderment, starvation and demoralisation, together with a hard core of active anti-Fascism, which is becoming increasingly cynical and disillusioned as times goes on. About this the Allies are doing too little.

LANCE CORPORAL
C.M.F.

AN AFRICAN POINT OF VIEW

SIR,—Dr. Huxley misses the main point. When he says that he travelled and worked in West Africa as a member of the Commission for Higher Education, we have at once the clue. It is, of course, futile to try to install higher education where there is not even compulsory *elementary* education. If the Commission for Higher Education is working strictly on those lines, as its title implies, then the seed of an alleged and artificial racial division is sown, so that Dr. Huxley most certainly would look in vain for a common denominator.

The division is artificial because there is no such move on behalf of the Administration, Native or British, to establish the natural unity of the area. The universal conveyor of nationhood is general education. By this the man in Sierra Leone and in Lagos will find the essential unity of their common national problems, disasters and achievements, mournings and celebrations.

Hausa as a *lingua franca* is not very well fitted for either educational or literary purposes. Western ideas could not easily be transmuted into Hausa language. The major cultural developments derive their spiritual motive power from English speaking and thinking intellectuals. English carries in itself a high degree of authority, and would thus contribute to the necessary discipline for furthering the African's ultimate aim of self-government.

The statement made by Dr. Huxley that there is a diversity of peoples and cultures has no bearing on the fundamental problem of producing a workable system of co-operation on a national basis. Europeans will be surprised when they learn how easily an efficient administration can reconcile the so-called stone age inhabitants of the country with industrialised Africans who have a common understanding of their mutual destinies. Developments which took the combined efforts of all civilised Europeans centuries will take no longer than the appropriate number of decades.

If Western civilisation, carefully administered, succeeds in enabling the minds of the Africans to become conscious of their mutual national achievements for the last hundred years only, the something which is the foundation of national unity will be brought to the surface. The West African nation will be able to be just as proud of its nationhood as any of the civilised countries.

OLAYIMIKA FASANYA

DUSTY RETORT

SIR,—The sharp practice stratagem outlined by B. L. Coombes in "Dusty Retort," would be read with a flash of recognition by every British miner who saw it. Its variants are legion and the cause of all the trouble in the coalfields. This practice of skinning every penny off the miner is so thoroughly ingrained in colliery officials that the replies by "Colliery Official," and "Colliery Manager," couldn't see this robbery as anything but lawful enterprise.

"Colliery Official" remarks: "This negative attitude of putting pay first is very true of the average miner of to-day."

There he is, talking, the average colliery official of to-day. You've just come up the pit. He's taken the last ounce out of you. You go in for your pay poke and find he's snitched a bob off each shift. You ask why and you get the above answer. Now don't ask me why miners strike at a time like this.

Your correspondent, "Colliery Manager," husks about the Porter Award, which hasn't a thing to do with the specific case mentioned by Coombes. Which was that the leading man on the job had a bob extra as was customary. The leading man's off ill; Coombes takes his place and responsibility, and doesn't get the bob. And no satisfactory explanation is given for the robbery.

Every British miner would recognise this case instantly and give you a hundred varied instances of how and where it happened to him. You've just seen, in the replies from the two coalowners' mouth-pieces the sort of anger and misrepresentation that greets a miner when he refuses to be robbed and sweated.

The coalowners have a positive attitude. They put profits first. As long as this country, whose life blood is coal, allow them to do this, there'll be trouble in the coalfields. There's been a lot in the past. There'll be more in the future.

148, Mayfield Drive,
Armadale, W. Lothian.

TOM HANLIN

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

SIR,—As a group secretary—one of those poor mutts who give up a great deal of time and receive neither payment, uniform nor kudos for it—perhaps you will allow me to comment on the remarks in your editorial and correspondence columns about Savings Weeks.

"Suffolk" seems a little peevish about the whole thing, but possibly one may guess from his second paragraph where the shoe has pinched. Another thing which annoys him is that people believe that the money raised will be used to equip soldiers or buy battleships. But isn't the money used? The actual £10 in threepenny bits I received in our Salute the Soldier Week (heaven help me) was not handed over coin by coin to Mr. Vickers or whoever it is to help to pay for our A.A. guns any more than the 6d. which "Suffolk" paid for his "New Statesman and Nation" was actually handed to the publisher; but he has paid for it none the less, and so have we paid for our guns. The fact that his sixpence may have bought his newsagent half a pint of beer, or the equivalent of our nickels may have gone towards Mr. Aneurin Bevan's Parliamentary salary, does not affect the situation in the least. I know there are people who believe that if everyone stopped lending their money to the Government the war would have to stop—but such ignorance must be blamed on the entire lack of simple training in national economics in our schools, not on the long-suffering National Savings Committee.

It is clear that the people who are so scornful about savings propaganda know nothing about it—the real propaganda of the people who do the individual canvassing and the properly briefed speaker, as resulting from the excellent bulletins we receive from the N.S. Committee each week. The public *are* told, again and again, that they must save to avoid inflation—to keep down taxation—to cut down consuming power, and so on. But the people need a little gilt on their gingerbread, especially in wartime when the daily fare is dull enough in all conscience. Why should they be deprived of the glamour and the fanfares of the big weeks? It brings a little colour into

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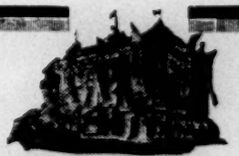

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JONATHAN CAPE

their lives; and even if the banks and the insurance companies do add a few noughts on to the grand total, what conceivable harm can it do?

My own experience is typical of most group secretaries. I started a group here early in the war when not more than a dozen people in the village had dreamt of buying certificates. We now have five flourishing groups with a membership of over 50 per cent. of the population, of whom only some half dozen have their full quota of 15 - certificates, and of those, three have only recently reached it. That is to say, they are all genuine small savers.

I said at the beginning that we group secretaries receive no payment for our work. But we do—in the gratitude of thousands of people who now have nest-eggs which, without our work, they would never have laid.

National Savings Group, Mullion, Cornwall. JILL WATERHOUSE

ETHEL SMYTH

SIR,—A certain number of the friends and admirers of the late Dame Ethel Smyth, D.B.E., Mus.Doc., hope to purchase the very fine bust of her, executed in 1939 by the well-known sculptor Gilbert Bayes (President of the Royal Society of British Sculptors), and place it as a memorial of her genius in the foyer of Sadler's Wells Opera House, where her operas were so often performed.

A reproduction of the bust might also be presented to the National Portrait Gallery as a commemoration of the life work of this celebrated British musician and writer.

Any subscriptions should be sent to "The Ethel Smyth Memorial Fund," c/o Lloyds Bank, 16, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

HENRY WOOD — BERNARD SHAW
ADRIAN BOULT — VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST
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CO-OPERATIVE ENTERPRISE

SIR,—With regard to the criticism that the Co-operative Movement has been guilty of a serious fault in being reluctant to pay good salaries in order to obtain the best men, I am in full-hearted agreement. Not only has the Movement been reluctant to go out of its way to attract the brains of industry by paying high salaries, but it has deliberately preferred mediocrity to brilliance.

I have met many successful people who have endeavoured as Socialists to enter the service of the Co-operative Movement and have been prepared to give their services at a lower rate for the benefit of the Movement as idealists, but the responsible Co-operative authorities have spurned these offers.

A few weeks ago I met a brilliant technician whose name is known throughout this country, and who as a sincere idealist would prefer the utilisation of his abilities by the Co-operative Movement, but who at that time was unemployed. It is men of this type that the Co-operative Movement should be enlisting in their service and so be in a position of leading the market in productive enterprises instead of always following at the tail end.

As a trade union official, may I make the suggestion to the Co-operative Movement, that it appoints a "Brains Trust," consisting of a small number of Socialists, Trade Unionists and Co-operators, which could act as an Advisory Committee to the Movement. This Committee should not consist of jaded and worn-out officials, but rather of the present generation which is bearing the brunt of the present conflict, so that they will be able to make a practical contribution to the shape of things to come.

WILL ROWE
Association of Supervisory Staffs and Engineering Technicians,
341A Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

COMPULSORY PATRIOTISM

SIR,—The Government, says Lord Selborne, want children to be taught the "right and duty of the citizen to defend his native land." What will the thousands of teachers who are to educate a new Germany be required to teach?

Lord Selborne obviously does not know his country's elementary schools. Complete unanimity among staff is maintained, and children are protected from confusion, by a law voluntarily kept among teachers that those things upon which parents may reasonably differ are left alone.

Those teachers who feel that "my country, right or wrong," is *not* the height of patriotism will be provoked into controversy by this dictatorship.

For the information of those who do not know, I add that lessons in citizenship are given in the schools, and several very good text books are available through the Education Authorities. P. B.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH

SIR,—The story of the Angel of Death to which "Critic" refers is much older than Mr. Maughan. Of the many fascinating legends of the East, Sir Edwin Arnold chose this one to illustrate the 28th of the 99 names of Allah in his little-known work *Pearls of the Faith*, published more than 60 years ago. The name is "Al Bazir," i.e. the All-Seeing, and tells of a Prince of India who saw Azrael at a reception given by his host, King Solomon. Greatly alarmed, the Prince asked that he might be taken back to India and by the King's command a Djin carried him forthwith to his home in Coramandel. Then Azrael returning, said to the King:

I looked thus earnestly upon the man
In wonder, for my Lord spake "Take his soul
In India," yet behold he talked unto thee
Here in Judaea! Now, see! he hath gone
There where it was commanded he should die.

* * *

Then followed Azrael. In that hour the Prince
Died of a hurt, sitting in India.

Predestination is tersely proclaimed in a single sentence of the Koran—

"The fate of every man have we bound about his neck."

It follows that "Critic" can sleep where he likes.

S. L. B.

PROVIDENTIAL WEATHER

SIR,—Some of the letters on this subject seem to show an odd and interesting belief in the ancient pagan notion of a weather-God. One wonders how many at all educated people to-day hold this. Also (considering the nature of most of the earth's weather) whether it is possible to regard such a God with esteem. Thirdly, what is the meaning attached to the word "miracle" by those who believe that a spell of fine weather in June, because it occurred opportunely for us, is aptly so designated? Lastly, why does Mr. A. R. Cripps suggest that, if there is no Divine weather-control, the universe must be a fortuitous chaos? It may be: but why should it follow from this? It seems a materialistic view unexpected in this writer. ROSE MACAULAY

SIR,—Those who are inclined to regard the weather as the special contribution of the Almighty to the war effort might consider the following facts:

When we had to escape from Dunkirk we were helped by the most favourable weather possible. When the Russians were being hard pressed by the first German offensive they were saved, or at any rate greatly helped, by an exceptionally early winter. On the other hand, when the tide turned and they began their winter offensive last year they were hampered by the warmest winter within living memory. Our advance in Italy was greatly hindered by the worst weather for forty years. And the weather for the invasion has so far been unfavourable.

The natural conclusion, on the above premises, would seem to be that God likes a good fight and intervenes to handicap the stronger side.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE attack on Scott proceeds and the important bastions of *Old Mortality*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Rob Roy* have lately been occupied and secured. To say the task was easy or entirely pleasurable would be to exaggerate. The engagement that gave me most delight was a brief one: *Wandering Willie's Tale*, that short aside in Scott's revelling and port-winey voice, comic, lit-up and imaginative, that comes in the middle of *Redgauntlet*. The best things in Scott are often the accidents and the parentheses of his memory and fancy. I maintain my taste for his strong comic vein. He is nature's raconteur. And because the raconteur needs the spacious hour, the digestive mood, a household at peace and a circle of listeners deferring to his leisure and playing up to him, it is important to provide these for Scott, by reading him in the right edition. Scott has been ruined by cheap reprints. One needs to read a novel like *The Heart of Midlothian* in three volumes, where the page is not too packed and the margins are wide. We miss a lot in him when we miss even the physical sense of the spaciousness of his compositions. I think I prefer *The Heart of Midlothian* to *Old Mortality* partly because the former is better printed in the editions I have read.

The chief criticism of Scott, that he cannot draw a heroine, has to be modified after we have read *The Heart of Midlothian*. To judge by this book Scott could not draw a hero. For neither the pious, pettifogging Butler nor the wicked George Staunton can be called human beings of anything but conventional interest. Effie and Jeanie Deans are quite another matter. They are peasants and Scott condescends to them with the gentlemanliness of his time, but they are alive as his peasants always are. Scott's inability to draw women life-size seems to be due to the fact that he can think of them only as creatures high above him, or safely below him; and the ones below are drawn better than the ones above. The maid is more interesting than the mistress. We owe this, I suppose, to that curious split in the puritan middle-class mind which had begun to unsex itself so that it might devote all its will to the adventure of getting on in the world of money or honour, leaving the warmer passions to the lower orders. But, unlike the early Victorian novelists, Scott is not a prude. Miss Bellendon's maid nudges, winks and uses all her enticements on the soldiery; speech is very free in the farms and the inns; only Miss Bellendon in her castle stands like a statue and talks like an epitaph. Once Scott is free of these inhibitions—and in the main it is fixed by considerations of class—Scott describes women as well as they can be described from a man's point of view: that is as scolding, fussing, gossiping, pestering, weeping, wilful and mercenary domestic adjuncts of the life of men. They can always answer back. They never forgive a slight, they can always be persuaded to condone a crime. Expressed without satire but with sense and geniality, this view has inspired many robust minor portraits of womanhood in Scott. The loveliness and attraction of Di Vernon in *Rob Roy* is due, I fancy, to the fact that she has a good deal of male in her. What is missing from all these portraits is the vitalising element: the sense a woman has of herself, the sense of what she may become—that sense of our fate which alone gives meaning to our character. Scott's direct intuitive sense of that fate seems to have been weak; he grasps the importance of it only through the labours of the historian and the documentary artist. His researches, not his instinct, gave us his remarkable portrait of the passionate mother in *The Highland Widow*, and his researches also revealed to him, in the same way, the larger meaning of Jeanie Deans' character in *The Heart of Midlothian*.

A modern novelist who re-wrote *The Heart of Midlothian* would certainly stress the unconscious jealousy which Jeanie must have felt towards her younger sister by her father's second marriage. We would say that Jeanie's refusal to tell the lie that would save Effie from the scaffold was not a stern moral act, but an animal retaliation; for psychology has destroyed for us the interest and the nature of many moral dilemmas. Scott ignores the evident jealousy. And though Effie, in a remarkable prison scene, flies out at her sister, we are left with the impression that Jeanie is either too stupid or too conceited in her conscience to be endured. But Scott's strength in the handling of the situation between the two women comes fom his knowledge of the effect of history upon them. They are children of history. And the one part of history Scott knew inside out was its effect upon the conscience. Jeanie's refusal to tell a lie had generations of Calvinistic quarrelling behind it, the vituperations of the sectaries who had changed the sword of the clan wars and the civil wars for the logic-chopping of theology. Instead of splitting skulls, they had taken to splitting hairs. The comedies, the tragedies, the fantastic eloquence and tedious reiteration of these scruples of conscience, are always brilliantly described by Scott, who has them in his blood. And so Jeanie's refusal to lie and her journey to London on foot to seek her sister's pardon are not the result of conceit, heartlessness or even literalness of mind: they are the fruit of history. And a history which produces not only plumb, dumb, resolute figures like hers, but men of roystering violence like the bloody Porteous, tortured believers in predestination like Staunton, fanatics like old Deans, cranks like Saddlebright, lunatic harlots like Madge Wildfire, adventuresses like Effie, wonderful sea-lawyers of the criminal world of old Edinburgh, like Ratcliffe, the thief, and wonderful fools like the gaping old laird of Dumbiedikes. There is none of the sentimentality which Dickens poured like a bad wine over the suffocated bastards, baby-farmers, harlots and criminals of his novels; none of the melodrama. Scott's realism belongs to the time when gentlemen knew the mob because they were not yet afraid of the mob. There is only one false episode in *The Heart of Midlothian;* and that is the wildly improbable meeting between Jeanie and George Staunton at his father's vicarage in England, and we owe that to the bad influence of the theatre on the English novel. For that matter, none of the English scenes is really good. They are a little snobbish and not very touching. And here Jeanie is diminished as a character by the condescension of the author. But when she is in Scotland, we feel the force of her country and her fate in her, and that makes her into a woman. One sees her even more clearly and fully late in the book when it is she, the rescuer, who has to pay tribute to Effie the adventuress who has, after all, got away with it. Scott was too much the man of the world to prevent Effie getting away with a good deal more than Dickens or even Thackeray were later on to allow their giddy-pated or wicked women. He recorded wilfulness in women with an appreciative eye; and an ear cocked for the back answer.

It has often been said that the decay of our interest in problems of conscience is a major cause of the feebleness of the modern novel; but there have been many poor novels stuffed tight with conscience. The greatness of *The Heart of Midlothian* arises, first of all, in the scope that the problem of conscience gave to Scott's imagination. He was not arguing in a void. His argument was creating real people and attracting real people to it. He made the story of Effie's murdered baby a national story. And then how wide his range is! The scenes in the Tolbooth are remarkable and especially those that are built about the figure of Ratcliffe when the governor is working to turn him into an informer. Scott had the eighteenth century taste for rogues and their talk is straight from nature.

> "Why, I suppose you know you are under sentence of death, Mr. Ratcliffe?" replied Mr. Sharpitlaw.
>
> "Ay, so are a', as that worthy min'ster said in the Tolbooth Kirk the day Robertson wan off; but naebody kens when it will be executed. Gude faith, he had better reason to say than he dreamed of, before the play was played out that morning!"
>
> "This Robertson," said Sharpitlaw, in a lower and something like a confidential tone, "d'ye ken, Rat—that is, can ye gie us ony onkling where he is to be heard tell o'?"
>
> "Troth, Mr. Sharpitlaw, I'll be frank wi' ye; Robertson is rather a cut abune me—a wild deevil he was, and mony a daft prank he played; but except the Collector's job that Wilson led him into, and some tuilzies about run goods wi' the gaugers and the waiters, he never did ony thing that came near our line o' business."
>
> "Umph! that's singular, considering the company he kept."
>
> "Fact, upon my honour and credit," said Ratcliffe, gravely. "He keepit out o' our little bits of affairs, and that's mair than Wilson did; I hae dune business wi' Wilson afore now But the lad will come on in time; there's nae fear o' him; naebody will live the life he has led, but what he'll come to sooner or later"
>
> "Who or what is he, Ratcliffe? You know, I suppose?" said Sharpitlaw.
>
> "He's better born, I judge, than he cares to let on; he's been a soldier, and he has been a play-actor, and I watna what he has been or hasna been, for as young as he is, sae that it had daffing and nonsense about it."
>
> "Pretty pranks he has played in his time, I suppose?"
>
> "Ye may say that," said Ratcliffe, with a sardonic smile, "and" (touching his nose) "a deevil amang the lasses."
>
> "Like enough," said Sharpitlaw. "Weel, Ratcliffe, I'll no stand niffering wi' ye; ye ken the way that favour's gotten in my office; ye maun be usefu'."
>
> "Certainly, sir, to the best of my power—naething for naething—I ken the rule of the office," said the ex-depredator.

Then there is Scott's power of describing a crowded scene. I am thinking of the long narrative about the crowd's storming of the Tolbooth and the killing of Porteous. Scott has looked it all up, but his own version is so alive, so effortless, so fast moving. Every detail tells; the very pedantry of it is pedantry washed down by the rough wine of life. Everything is carried off with the authority of a robust and educated style, the style of a man fit to understand, master and govern, a man endlessly fair and excitingly patient in his taste for human nature. He understands popular clamour. He understands the mysteries of loyalty—all the curious loyalties of a man's life and trade.

And after that Scott has the storyteller's ability to build a great scene and to make a natural use of it. I'm thinking of the search in the dark on Salisbury Crag when the police have persuaded Ratcliffe to help them to catch Robertson, and Ratcliffe has brought Madge Wildfire with him to show them all the way. Madge is semi-lunatic and Ratcliffe has to use all his guile to keep her to the job. He knows her mind is stuffed full of old wives' tales, and he reminds her of a notorious murder that was done on the Crag years before—a story the reader has already been prepared for: Scott's antiquarian asides ought never to be neglected—but Ratcliffe's cunning is turned against him, at the moment of its success, by the madness of the woman. She accuses him of being as bad as the murderer.

> "I never shed blood," he protested.
>
> "But ye hae sauld it Ratton—ye hae sauld blood mony a time . . ."

That chance shaft hits Ratcliffe's conscience and wrecks the expedition. In a short chapter Scott has ingeniously extracted every kind of surprise and apprehension; and without frivolity or artificiality. This adventure could have happened so; indeed, we say, if we had had eyes at the back of our heads, we would have known that it *must* have happened so, fabulous as it is. Scott's knowledge gives a sense of necessity to his picture of life, and his freedom in mixing the comic with the serious, even at the most dramatic moments, adds to this pleasant sense. One might say that he is not overdriven by his imagination,

whereas a writer like Dickens was. Scott, like Fielding, has both feet firmly on the ground.

For me *Rob Roy* and *Old Mortality* are inferior books, though *Old Mortality* is very rich in its stiffer texture. Again the effect of history on conscience is the animating force in this book and one finds in it the warm and instructed plea for sanity and tolerance which is the distinctive sign of his mind. His portrait of Bothwell, the militant fanatic, is notable because it is the picture of a changing character. The degeneration of this masterful and unified hater is admirably drawn.

One can see how Russian novelists like Gogol and Pushkin must have been caught by Scott's portraits of the eccentric lairds; the miser in *Old Mortality* or the comic gaping laird of *The Heart of Midlothian* must have fathered many a landlord in *Dead Souls* and other Russian novels. Where the Russians were to succeed and where Scott failed was in conveying the sense of an abiding destiny going on beyond the characters described. For Scott life is a book that one closes; to the Russians it is a book that one opens. And although one feels his animal zest for life; one feels it as a delightful recollection of hours that are ended, not as the perturbation and languor of the hour which has still to go by on the clock as we read.

One looks up the critics. What did Scott add to the English novel? Is he just another Fielding, but planted in Scottish history? Has he simply added a change of scene and material? It looks like that at first glance: he is a writer from the outside looking in. But I think there is something else. I would like to argue that Scott is a complement to Richardson—an analytical and psychological novelist who describes to us the part of our motives that is formed by history. He is certainly the first novelist to describe the political influence of religion and the peculiar significance of superstitions and legend in the mind; and he uses them to illustrate the promptings of unconscious guilt and fear. One sees this in the character of Ratcliffe in *The Heart of Midlothian* and in innumerable instances elsewhere; Scott does not use his apparitions and legends merely for the purpose of putting a shiver or a laugh in his story. They are there to convey hidden processes of mind. No English novelist has added to that sense of a general or public mind and certainly no great novelist—Hardy is the atheistical exception—has used religion as Scott used it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

NEW NOVELS

Sirius. By OLAF STAPLEDON. *Secker and Warburg.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Ma Wei Slope. By KEITH WEST. *Cresset Press.* 7*s.* 8*d.*

Crab Apple Jelly. By FRANK O'CONNOR. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

High-Minded Murder. By CHRISTOPHER SYKES. *Home and Van Thal.* 6*s.*

The complaint that a novelist's characters are not nice enough has usually come from critics who, in their judgment, are not nice at all. Lovability has been the key to popularity from *The Good Companions* to *Mr. Bunting*, and the favourite character of the reading public is now a grotesque hybrid—the Englishman's self-conscious interpretation of the foreigner's superficial conception of the Englishman. This little man is quaint on top of his normality, but he is loved for both. The revulsion which this trait creates in uncorrupted readers is due to its fundamental cynicism. Lovability, freed from its present-day connotation, is a quality which we can both enjoy and respect. I can think of no character more lovable than Pierre Bezukhov, and though Alyosha Karamazov has proved too much of a good thing for some readers, he was wonderful enough to me. But this creation of lovable little phonies springs less from a love or understanding of humanity, than from a natural sympathy with the novel-reading public.

It must be admitted that there has been error in the other direction. Many reputable novelists, partly in revulsion against the corruption, have made a shibboleth of astringency.

It is certainly no token of excellence that a novel's characters are low, mean and self-indulgent. It is not even a criterion of honesty, although I believe that error in this direction is due less often to dishonesty than to a lazy despair. There *is* a legitimate criticism to make (it has often been made of Proust's later volumes) when the picture of life is falsified by a too misanthropic vision. It is not that the novel should be a mirror held up to real life, but that it should whatever the process of artistic transformation, be a spectrum reflecting as wide a range of colours. The highest peaks make the distinction clear. There must be few diligent novel-readers who have not, at one time or another, rebelled against the pre-eminence of Tolstoy. And yet reading *War and Peace* usually induces shame at past rebellion. This novel is in a category of its own, as far above Flaubert as Flaubert is above Thackeray. And why, for all one's veneration of Flaubert, is he so evidently and inevitably a lesser figure? Simply because his spectrum is far less complete. For example, there is virtue in Flaubert, but the virtue is little more than a foil for vice. In Tolstoy the moments of nobility stand triumphantly on their own. Flaubert explicitly hated the great majority of the human race, while Tolstoy came near to loving them. And love gives the keener understanding.

An overweighted preamble, perhaps, to a review of three writers who make no claim to appear in such company. (Mr. Christopher Sykes makes no claim to anything except entertainment.) But there is a common quality in these three respectable writers to which lovability is relevant. All are humanists and all are warm-hearted. The varying merits of their books spring largely from this.

It is clearest in Mr. Stapledon, although by purely literary standards he is the least distinguished of the three. Mr. Stapledon has already given proof of his passionate interest in the nature of man, in its aspirations and limitations, its baseness and nobility. *Last and First Men* was an impressive *tour de force*, fruit of a most imaginative and humane mind. *Sirius*, it must be said at once, is a far less distinguished achievement. Judged as a novel, it has no obvious merit, but it is not as a novel that it requires to be judged. I find it difficult not to resent the use of the novel-form for extraneous purposes, but in this case it is equally difficult to see how else Mr. Stapledon could have conveyed his message. And the message, though not a new one, was well worth this intelligent restatement.

Sirius is the biography of a dog with a human brain, the creation of a Cambridge physiologist. The story itself is unimportant and, since this is a book of very serious intention, often ridiculous. But it has been written as a story, and I must be allowed to point out the absurdity involved.

> Hardy at one time fascinated him (Sirius). The early Eliot intoxicated him with new rhythms and with the sense of facing the worst in preparation for a new vision.

I suppose that if one accepts the theme at all—and on the whole it is strangely acceptable—one shouldn't jib at the early Eliot. But I can only feel that at this point it was a tactical mistake. In me it caused a sudden cessation of credulity, with it a snigger. Worse is to come at the book's sad conclusion. Sirius has been shot for allowing his "wolf nature" to get the better of him. Before this he had been living in vice,

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explicitly but surely superfluously, with a girl for whom the narrator of the story has been a rather despondent rival.

All this was inevitable if Mr. Stapledon was determined to tell a plausible story, as well as to point a moral. I believe that he could have whittled away a great deal of the story with real advantage. The point of the book, after all, is to give an articulate dog's-eye view of humanity, and in this Mr. Stapledon has shown his usual ingenuity. Sirius examines the life of farm, university and capital, in peace and war. He reflects on science and religion, body and spirit, man and beast—and if with no very new conclusions, at least with freshness and intelligence. A sympathetic popular philosophy has been restated by a rather over-ingenious device.

Mr. West is also a humanist, but of a more worldly and ironic order. His novel deals with poets and courtiers of the T'ang dynasty, and attempts to deal with them from inside the contemporary Chinese mind. In this, I am assured by an expert, he has failed, although I would never have guessed it on my own. It is even questionable how much it matters. This is not a book which depends primarily on documentary information, or even on the interpretation of a real mentality. It is a fascinating book, and, whether authentic or not, the attitude is fresh and pleasing. What Western housewife would ever plead with her husband to be allowed " to enjoy each day a little leisure and freedom to reflect on the causes which have satisfied us both " ?

The historical background of the story is provided by the flight of the " magnificent monarch " from the invading Huns, his exile and eventual victory and return. Within this violent framework the quiet figures contemplatively move. Much poetry is composed and quoted—not, in translation, of any very obvious merit, but pleasing enough in its context.

Fascinating to one ignorant reader was the imperviousness of the characters to external disaster. It is not simply that they can take it, but that their reflective minds are immune from it. Even the Emperor mingles his bitterness with sage reflections. The poets and court girls and civil servants, though capable of mild grief, are more interested in general propositions on nature and human behaviour. And many of these, whether they be platitudes in China or quite alien to Chinese thought, seemed to me both wise and witty.

Occasionally—it was to be expected—Mr. West is too flat-footed in his explanations.

> Peng-Yeh cried : " But surely you do not expect me to ask my own daughter about her future ? No one ever heard of such a thing. To consult her would be to rock the foundations of the Empire. Why, even the Master. . . ."

This is clearly directed, not to the speaker's fictitious audience, who would know it already, but to Mr. West's readers. This causes not only a lack of conviction, but a faint irritation.

As for the style and the sophistication behind it, surely these typical quotations evoke an unexpected association ?

> . . . the General laughed, keeping a brave face against another man's misfortune.

or

> Ping Yeh and Ah Lai, each feeling that too much had been said for comment to be tolerable, went out also.

Can the T'ang civilisation provide a new clue to Miss Compton Burnett—or has Mr. West been drinking at her intoxicating spring ?

Humanism is not generally associated with Ireland, where Church and blarney have given it little opportunity to flourish. But Mr. O'Connor, while evidently a good Catholic, has warmly infused his faith with both humanism and humour. These are admirable stories, thoughtfully conceived and beautifully executed. Though his range is wide, it seems that Mr. O'Connor has a special predilection for the priesthood. And how well he presents them to us ! Even this hierophobic reviewer was induced to regard them with sympathy and, when this was the writer's intention, even with affection. And they are not, quite sharply and surprisingly not, that ignorant ould darlint of an ould saint of a Father O'Grady. They are real sentient human beings. Mr. O'Connor is not only the best (and most readable) of this company, but a short story writer of the first contemporary rank.

Also extremely readable is Mr. Christopher Sykes's ingenious and amusing spy story; readable, to be exact, for about eighty minutes, since the book is creditably though regrettably short. The background is war-time Cairo war-office departments, officers, spies, clubs and intrigue. The villain is a brilliant and original invention, as is the American minister, descendant and somewhat perverted lover of Handel. I found the eccentric English aristocrat both more familiar and far less pleasing. But this is a funny and ingenious book, an agreeable cross between the better Buchan and the funnier Maugham.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

MERRIE ENGLAND

The English Yeoman Under Elizabeth and the Early Stuarts. By Professor MILDRED CAMPBELL. *Oxford University Press.* 25*s.*

How seldom can one recommend to casual readers a volume of sober historical research. The pages of this specialist study of the Tudor and Stuart yeomanry are packed with more than one thousand footnote references, and it is evident that its authoress, Professor Mildred Campbell of Vassar, has planned her book in the best, the most austere traditions of transatlantic scholarship. Yet, though primarily the work of a professional historian writing for students of history, this earnest book is one which few of us should be able to resist. For here in convincing detail is reconstructed the measured, calm existence of a great section of the English country people three hundred years ago—lives passed in the low stone or brick farmhouses which still stand in the hollows of the Cumberland and Yorkshire dales, the Devon combs, the fens of Lincolnshire, or look to seaward from the Dorset cliffs. From this stock grew Shakespeare and Chapman, and such representative Englishmen as Latimer, Baxter, Selden, Harvey and Newton. Once more a foreign scholar puts us in debt.

The world which this book reveals to us is a world with which we have all, I think, a misty childhood acquaintance. It is the world of the *Children of the New Forest* and *Westward Ho !*—a world that connoted pasties and capons and goodwives to the historical novelist ; and mead and strong brown ale. Miss Campbell's researches do not disturb this picture. She does not discount the cakes and ale—in fact she devotes a most engrossing chapter to the food cooked over the open fires of the farm kitchens. But she is naturally at pains to provide more serious information, to establish the basis on which the comfort and prosperity of many yeomen families were built. Taking this well-defined class (or, as she prefers to call it, " group ") situated between the gentry and the " meaner husbandmen," she has passed each aspect of their lives beneath the social historian's microscope. To some extent an hereditary class, though partly recruited from a new generation of thriving cottagers, the yeomen under the Tudors and Stuarts formed a solid section of the community with their well-defined codes, habits and aspirations. Professor Campbell describes in successive

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chapters their origins and status; their ways of buying land, of farming it and educating their children; of enlarging their houses, choosing wives, going to church and going to law. The material available for such a study is of the most unpromising description. Few yeomen were literate even in the seventeenth century. They kept no diaries and wrote few letters. The author had thus to rely upon legal documents, wills, title deeds and records of litigation, with sometimes a playhouse reference or a couplet from a contemporary satirist (the ubiquitous water-poet Taylor here raises his scoffing head) to enliven the result. Under her expert fingers legal manuscripts have even yielded a few everyday yeoman phrases and turns of speech, though these, I fancy, differed more from region to region than she suggests. I confess that at times her strictly scientific method makes stiff reading, and I am reminded of rainy Oxford afternoons spent nodding over some treatise on the wool merchants. But in America at any rate history-writing has ceased to be an art; and though we may regret that this authoress lacks the magic touch that re-creates a bustling household from a single inventory, the facts she has garnered and sifted are in themselves of absorbing interest. It is perhaps part and parcel of her thorough method that she takes nothing for granted, and quotes a reference to show that a yeoman strolled in his fields after supper on a summer's evening, or that sixteenth-century country friends would send each other gifts.

The picture of the group created by this book is in sum a merry English picture: sheep-shearing in the meadows, the sowing of grain, white-blossomed fruit orchards, poultry yards filled with geese, housewives in heavy skirts with jangling keys, Christmas and marriage festivities and funeral wakes. English, too, is the charming irrepressibility of certain "members of the group" who would not conform then and will not fit into the historian's generalisations now—the daughter who *would* go to London, the farmer who *did* want his son taught Latin. The yeomanry's sense of position is shown as very strong: the kind of work the farmer's wife was expected to do, the kind of work which was too menial for her. In the same way certain possessions and certain fashions were forbidden—though as the prosperous reign of Elizabeth Tudor progressed there seems to have been a tacit easing of these social rules; yeomen's daughters began to wear silver braid and to scorn their "felts"; joined bedsteads with feather mattresses replaced the straw; wooden candlesticks ceded to latten, and latten occasionally to silver. All through the country life became more secure, and the old helmets and pikestaffs that hung on farmhouse walls seemed, in the period covered by this book, antiquities. Yet it was in these very country circles, where there was so little to do over the fire in the evening save discuss religion and eat apples dipped in mead, that the religious issues of the Civil War were taking shape. In the few extant lists of yeomen's libraries that Professor Campbell has found, books of religious controversy form the larger part. In any literate yeomen households of the reformed faith the great graphic folios of the Book of Martyrs would be lying heavily upon a chest, and the subtleties of Geneva or of Trent would be hotly argued by broad country voices. But the final impression given by this book is of a race of staunch and simple farmers, blunt even in their names—for, while erudite gentlepeople were beginning to call their children Peregrine and Brilliana, the yeoman babies at the village font were still being given the good old names of Adam and William, Kate, Jane and Thomasine.

JAMES POPE HENNESSY

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THE LIBERAL PARTY

A History of the Liberal Party. By SIR HENRY SLESSER. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

To a greater degree than other forms of historical writing, political history demands passion and warmth of feeling. Bishop Burnet's History, Disraeli's Life of Lord George Bentinck, and even Lord Elton's Life of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald are all distinguished by partisanship and will, on this account, be taken from their shelves while books more judicious and more scholarly repose undisturbed in their places. Sir Henry unfolds his story with all the impartiality of the judicial bench, and with something of the cool indifference of a guide expatiating on the beauties of the Thames to a crowd on a penny steamer. Yet the tale he has to tell is a prodigious one, with the forging of the Liberal Party out of the clash of Whig and Radical, its emergence with the Reform Bill, the long years of power and lustre after Peel had smashed the Conservative Party, the discord and eclipse after the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, the astonishing revival in 1906, the sudden collapse after 1918, and the obstinate refusal of the faithful rump to merge with either of the other parties. Sir Henry sets the story against a background of political history dating back to the 18th century, and much of this is necessarily familiar to students of politics and of history. However, hidden away in this familiar setting are some shrewd observations on men who influenced the fortunes of the Party.

The author rightly marks the decline of the Party by the secession of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—a secession which he feels to have been purely opportune and influenced neither by divergences of policy nor of principle. He is no doubt correct in thinking that Mr. Chamberlain was the natural heir to Mr. Gladstone, and he argues that if he had succeeded to the leadership he would have rallied the extreme left to the Party and weaned the radical element from "the academic shibboleths of Socialism." He accords exceedingly high praise to Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman—"a noble character" who again might have prevented the widening of the breach between Labour and Liberal. That noble character lies somewhat heavily interred beneath one of the polished sarcophagi of the late Mr. Spender—a fate which has overtaken many of his august contemporaries. There are, however, signs that history will assign him a surprisingly high place among the 20th century Prime Ministers. Historians will also agree with the author of this book that the Labour Government of 1923 made a disastrous blunder in refusing to co-operate with the Liberals. Sir Henry Slesser was, of course, a distinguished member of that Government, wished for such an arrangement, and blames its absence on Mr. MacDonald. Indeed, he thinks that if he had not wished to work with the Liberals he should never have taken office. For the future of Liberalism he looks to its "recapturing the vision of the invaluable quality of personality."

ROGER FULFORD.

ART AND PROPAGANDA

Put Out the Light. By VERCORS. A translation by CYRIL CONNOLLY of "Le Silence de la Mer." *Macmillan.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The difficulties and dangers of working a clandestine printing press in a country occupied by the Gestapo can hardly be exaggerated, nor can one too much admire the French patriots who, not content with producing, in such lethal conditions, newspapers by the hundred thousand, print also intellectual reviews and a series of short books such as Argonne's study of England and Vercors's *Le Silence de la Mer*. This story, reprinted here in French, has enjoyed a remarkable success. It has also excited acute controversy. The chief character, a German officer billeted in a French house, is an idealist in love with French culture. The story has therefore been condemned by some French readers, who maintain that there are no "good" Germans, or at any rate that no mention should be made of such eccentrics. On the other hand some English readers, who detest the Nazi regime and regard the mass of the German people as its unwilling victim, have welcomed the story as a French expression of their own sentiments. The condemnation and the welcome, I venture to suggest, are based on the same misunderstanding.

Like some other good stories, this is a propagandist work, and it is directed at a particular public. Undiscriminating abuse of the German invaders is useful when one is preaching to the converted, who may thus be confirmed in their ardour. But perhaps the most important, certainly the most difficult, type of propaganda is that aimed at changing men's convictions. To achieve this one must accept some of their premises. Those who accept German rule as an alternative preferable to Bolshevism will not be converted by eulogies of the U.S.S.R., but they may be persuaded that General de Gaulle, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are not in fact Communists. The author of *Put Out the Light* was aiming, I suggest, at those guileless French who swallowed the German talk about a new European Order in which France would continue to represent the centre of culture—and who swallowed this the more easily because they had personal experience of humane and idealistic individuals among the invaders. Vercors, therefore, accepts the fact that such Germans exist, and proceeds to show that these are either deluded or filled with despair—and in either case completely without influence. Thus the sympathy of the "collaborationist" reader is first won for the young officer in the book, who incarnates the Germany in which they wish to believe; and then it is from his lips that they hear the devastating indictment of the real Germany, the Germany that aims at "putting out the light." The force of the indictment is a thousand times greater because it comes not from a Frenchman but from a German.

If the plan of the story is most ingeniously contrived for its purpose, the treatment is of a subtlety rarely found in propaganda. The two French characters are not painted in crudely glowing colours. They have the dourness common among Normans and Calvinists, and not uncommon even in other sorts of Frenchman. (I suspect, on slight evidence, that the story is situated in the Charente country.) The obdurate silence with which they confront the German is a triumph of patriotic virtue over common humanity, and therefore nicely calculated to win the reader's sympathy for its victim. Nor is the idealistic officer a paragon; he has just those faults by which so many of even the best Germans exasperate foreigners, sentimentality, didacticism, self-dramatisation, self-pity and a wonderful capacity for not facing facts. A less skilful writer would have confronted an entirely delightful German with two entirely delightful French people, in order to emphasise the tragedy of the situation. And the result would have been an unreality that would defeat his object. With equal adroitness Vercors has avoided the opposite mistake, a matter-of-fact realism. The prose seems simple but is very carefully wrought, and the treatment so stylised as to persuade the reader to accept an almost classical concentration of events without which the tale must have been three times longer and less powerful.

We all know that propaganda can spoil a work of art, though it can, no less certainly, inspire one. It is less generally recognised that an aesthetic intention can spoil a work of propaganda. Yet many writings and speeches that are intended to be propagandist are ineffective because the author has been more eager to express his own emotions than to consider the state of mind of his audience. Vercors, I think, has not fallen into this trap. He believes passionately in his message, but he always has his eye on the target at which it is aimed, the respectable and deluded optimists who believe in Franco-German co-operation. The story impresses us deeply, but as a comment less upon the human condition than upon an ephemeral political situation—a situation indeed

that already belongs to the past, for I doubt whether there are any pro-Germans left in France except fanatical Fascists and a few hirelings.

For all its depth of feeling, therefore, the story falls short of the highest imaginative art. But it is a masterpiece of consummate craftsmanship: I am not in the least surprised to learn that the resistants in France welcomed the *Silence de la Mer* with enthusiasm. "This book," said the clandestine review *Les Lettres Françaises*, "brought back to us our sense of dignity, or, as Descartes would have said in a phrase that would have appealed to Vercors, 'le beau souci' of our glory." He has now published in France a new work, *La Marche à l'Etoile*, which I have not yet seen. It is the story of a Czechoslovak who so loved France that he became a French citizen. But he survived to see himself oppressed, as a Jew, in a France that had, under Pétain, forsworn its noblest traditions. It is to be hoped that soon a copy of this work will reach England.

Mr. Connolly's version of *Le Silence de la Mer* does not read like a translation. I have compared it carefully with the original, and it is astonishing how faithful he has remained while achieving the natural rhythms of a writer in English.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

Week-end Competitions

No. 752

Set by Fred Oyster

I noticed at a Promenade Concert the other night the man (or Whip) who goes round making the sitters stand. There must be many such queer jobs, and competitors are asked to reveal from their own knowledge, three with any detail or comment they may think relevant. Limit of 200 words for the batch. Entries must be received by Monday, July 10th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 749

Set by William Whitebait

We offer the usual prizes for the best description (in not more than 250 words) of a visit to a Palace of Inventions after the war.

Report by William Whitebait

I could not have foreseen, at the time when this competition was set, that the subject of inventions would take on a horrifying topicality. Possibly that is the reason why competitors have shown something less than their usual gusto. However, there was some nimbleness in providing new gadgets and a fairly general distaste for the prefabricated future. The Selenium Never-Stop Gramophone ("G.F.") is a possibility from which all ears, except the tone-deaf, will recoil. The Homutility Car ("Olric") will combine a family car with attachments for washing up and mowing the lawn. Other devices are cloud-sweepers, indoor sunlight, grasshopper planes, vest-pocket receiving sets, sleep regulators; some of these, it will be agreed, might be beneficial. I liked the machine that would take stones out of hooves by electricity, and the same competitor (Hugh Forsyth) with horrific inspiration forecast bombs that will explode quietly so as not to wake German babies in the next war. Prizes of four guineas are equally divided between Icari, R. J. P. Hewison and Towanbucket.

PRIZES

Extract from a report in the *Times* of the World Fair to mark the completion of reconstruction and the inauguration of prosperity:

A prominent place is occupied by the Palace of Inventions, the layout of which betrays both catholicity and discernment. The former, for instance, has allowed us the Salon des Refusés—a bsy packed with oddities like "an extra joint to the arm, enabling one to paint the toe-nails or scrub the back with ease," and "Patents Pending," an amusing review of ideas which never came off—like the washing machine that put one to bed but couldn't dry one properly!

A whole section is devoted to remote control devices, including the Gyrad, a radio unit capable of immediate application to a lawn mower, toy (or real) yacht, or even (it is said) to the reins of a horse, and the Typit, which, using the new phonetic alphabet, will type anything dictated to it, and then either post it or else deliver it to a machine capable of acting on it. There are a number of such machines, one of the most useful being the lighting and heating master panel displayed in the home section. The demonstrators were unable to reassure your correspondent entirely, however, that disaster would not ensue if one gave the order "hotter" and then, like Ali Baba, forgot the Open Sesame.

The biggest crowds are to be found around the "Master Traveller" which occupies pride of place in the main hall. This is a composite unit for holiday use at home or abroad. Internally it resembles a four-berth cabin cruiser, but has extended the principles of the old military "Duck," and with retractable land wheels, air- and water-screws and auto-gyro blades, all working off the "all-purpose motor," is a great advance on anything of its kind hitherto produced.

ICARI

Even the bus which took us from airport to Palace was something new—running on two wheels which touch the ground, but really nine-tenths air-borne, and able to leap up to twenty feet.

The Palace consists of glass, space and light. This last is like good sunlight, without glare or visible source; all the staff are tanned. The ground floor has no walls, only a curtain of warm air which, with a magnetic field, keeps out cold and weather, but allows one to pass freely.

The section drawing most people was Domestics. In the lounge of a care-free villa a bored-looking child of six, in an armchair with a small instrument panel at one side, was conducting the housework—vacuum cleaner included—by remote control. In the bedroom were twin beds, one in brilliant light, the woman in it looking-in to an uproarious variety programme, the other in darkness and silence, its occupant asleep. Nowhere in Domestics was there a book or a book-shelf.

In Textiles I liked a stuff which cuts any way and needs neither hem nor sewing; two edges, overlapped and run under a hot iron, fuse completely; yet it wears and washes.

Miscellaneous abounded with contraptions—a collapsible house, a speech-typewriter, musical roller skates, an electric carving knife, an undressing machine, a cucumber peeler, an alarum clock which recites the day's engagements, a kipper-bone-extractor, a tin opener and re-sealer. . . . There were many other marvels, but words fail me. R. J. P. HEWISON

Behold Time's everlasting cheat on:
The swords of war to peaceful ploughshares beaten.
The Sten gun makes an admirable squirt
For paint to hide the Portal house's dirt;
Here poison gas becomes a useful scum
Which covers floors with bad linoleum;
There stands the tank, diverted from war's path,
A harmless, necessary, Turkish bath;
Yonder, of splinters made, from long-shot shells
That new typewriter Basic English spells;
We show you light-ray gags for Commons speakers,
And for the lazy, slick, self-tilting beakers;
Here's an ingenious lavatory flush,
So nicely silent, it will cause no blush;
A sweet machine, town planners, for the use of,
Which eats blue prints and figures (no abuse of!)
You press the appropriate button, and you can
Draw forth a Tory or a Labour plan;
This empty shell-case, now from death remote,
Is an egg-boiler, with a warning note . . .
In short, this exhibition mainly shows
The see-saw way this peace and war world goes:
One generation wastes itself in death
To let the next one draw a peaceful breath;
And all this fine, inventive ingenuity
Serves but to make the pace for war's fatuity.

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CABLE AND WIRELESS (HOLDING) LIMITED

THE Annual General Meeting of the above company was held on Thursday, June 29th, in London. Following are extracts from the address of the Chairman, Lord Pender.

The profit for the year 1943 is £1,220,976, which exceeds the Preference Dividend already paid and the Ordinary Dividend of 4 per cent. now proposed, together amounting to £1,197,488, by £23,488. The undistributed balance on Revenue Account brought forward from 1942 was £279,120, which, when added to £23,488 just mentioned and £10,000 from Excess Profits Tax Account to be mentioned below, provides an amount of £312,608 unappropriated, to be carried forward to 1944.

The dividends received from subsidiary companies are the same as for the previous year and amount to £1,263,965. The dividend received from Cables Investment Trust again amounts to £50,000, whilst the income from other investments is £41,837.

A new feature this year is the Group Excess Profits Tax Account, which relates to the years from 1939 up to and including the year 1942. In the circumstances there is a sum of £4,180,000 to be recovered by the Holding Company from companies liable within the group for the years 1939 to 1942. The liability of the group is estimated to amount to £3,360,000, leaving a surplus of £820,000 upon which £360,000 is due to be paid for income tax.

Unexpended balance of the Sinking Fund for the Funded Income Stock is £470,000, and this will be applied to the purchase for cancellation, or to the redemption, of that stock.

The Book Value of the securities held by the group amounted to £19,729,017 and these had a Market Value of £19,565,260.

The income received by the group from investments in 1943 amounted to £701,230.

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